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ONE NEW ENGLAND THANKSGIVING



OT one of our annual holidays bears a name so suggestive of genuine hospitality as Thanksgiving. To the New Englander of a former generation and remote locality it meant vastly more than a religious festival, although services in the sanctuary were the most conspicuous feature of its observance. It was a social family reunion, to which for months relatives and friends looked forward with joyful anticipations. Much has been written concerning this time-honored holiday in the way of brilliant generalities, but the world outside of the charmed New England region has still only vague notions as to its true significance. The sympathies it awakens are of the kind to be felt rather than described, hence we need not wonder that it is so imperfectly understood in its details. The sons and daughters of New England, in whatever portion of our vast country they may have planted their homes, are ever found turning their faces New England-ward at the thanksgiving season. It was estimated in 1858 that from New York City alone at least ten thousand persons returned to the New England States to spend the beloved day. Of such very few will fail to appreciate the picturesque simplicity and genuine romance which characterized thanksgiving festivities in the olden time. The more remote from cities and large towns the homestead, the richer the field for the artist who wields either pen or pencil in description.

My personal acquaintance with Thanksgiving day in New England was formed at an early period in my history. Its recollections inspire this brief sketch. The host and hostess were Puritans of the old school, the typical grandfather and grandmother of blessed memory. The host had been a brave soldier in the Revolution. The ancestor of the hostess was

a passenger to America in the *Mayflower*. They were united in marriage November 27, 1788, a few months prior to the inauguration of Washington as the first President of the United States, and this particular Thanksgiving day under review was to them their wedding anniversary as well. They had immediately after their marriage made themselves a permanent home in a new Massachusetts township in the wilderness, where settlers were few and discomforts many, and erected a commodious and substantial dwelling-house. The bride was twenty-five years of age, a tall, queenly, well-informed woman; the bridegroom a handsome, energetic young man of twenty-eight, whose features retained their peculiar manly beauty through a long life of upwards of ninety well-rounded years. Their house was a unique example of the early domestic archi-



THE WOODED HILLS OF THE NEW TOWNSHIP.

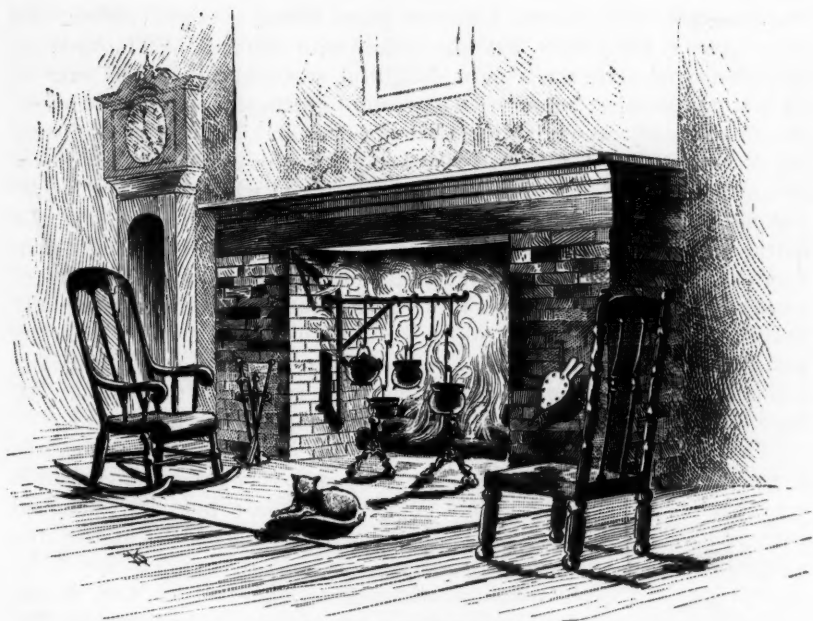


THE NEW ENGLAND HOMESTEAD OF THE PIONEER.

ture of the Puritans. It is still standing hoary with age, and yet no ruin, but a comfortable habitation. These early American homes are in the superlative degree interesting, since they vividly illustrate the practical adaptation of principles of domestic architecture, culled from all ages and countries, to the climate and conditions of a pioneer life in a new and progressive community. Built on high ground, the structure, if too tall, would be at the mercy of high winds and blizzards in the winter; thus the extensive ground-floor and sharp-pointed roof so much in vogue in country places at the beginning of the present century. The cellar in this instance was almost as large as the house itself, and from its centre arose an enormous chimney, extending to the roof, and occupying nearly as much space as an ordinary dwelling of modern times—a feature considered as an important element of architectural strength.

In its outward effect nothing could have been more simple and unpretending than this old mansion, painted in dark red, with its secure foundation and solid masonry. Entering it through the front door (on stately occasions), two spacious square rooms attracted the visitor's notice on either side of the entrance passage. But you would naturally choose the other and more familiar entrance at the gable-end of the dwelling, and find yourself presently in the broad living room, or kitchen, running the whole length of the house, excepting where space for bedrooms and pantries had been clipped off at each end. Here was where the family congregated. The immense fire-place, the broad hearth-stone—a perpetual curiosity to immature eyes—the tall clock in the corner, like a thing of life indeed, and the spinning-wheel and the dye-tub, belonged in those early days specifically to this apartment. There was, however, a second kitchen beyond, in a sort of rear wing that appeared to be an afterthought of the builder; and just outside one of its windows was the moss-covered well-bucket of song and story, suspended from an old-fashioned well-sweep. The chambers of the house were numerous and roomy, and beyond them was a genuine garret reached by a ladder.

A smaller house, occupied by the man and his family who took care of the farm, was built close by, so near, in fact, that the corners of the two structures almost touched each other. Barns and outhouses sprung up and multiplied in various directions; the tallest and trimmest trees of the forest were planted on each side of the roadway approach, like sentinels on duty; fruit orchards were cultivated, and vegetable gardens were laid out with painstaking care. The rich table land, so wisely selected by the young pioneer, soon gave abundant evidence of thrift and prosperity. Neighbors were few and scattered, but they made up in quality what they lacked in numbers. The families who gradually settled in this remote town among the hills, were superior in mind and character to the average people of their time. They founded a church when as yet they could only count fourteen members, and paid their first minister two hundred dollars a year—and he thought it was all his preaching was worth. He was a man of great learning as well as piety, and remained with the parish not less than fifty years. He helped to build the sombre meeting-house that lifted its belfry into the sky—with its hospitable row of horse-sheds as a body-guard on one side—and was instrumental in awakening more frequent revivals of religion in his church than were ever chronicled in half a century in any other town in Massachusetts. He also taught a classical school in his own house, charging the boys one dollar per week for board and tuition, and fitted many bright pupils for a noble manhood.



THE OLD-FASHIONED FIRE-PLACE.

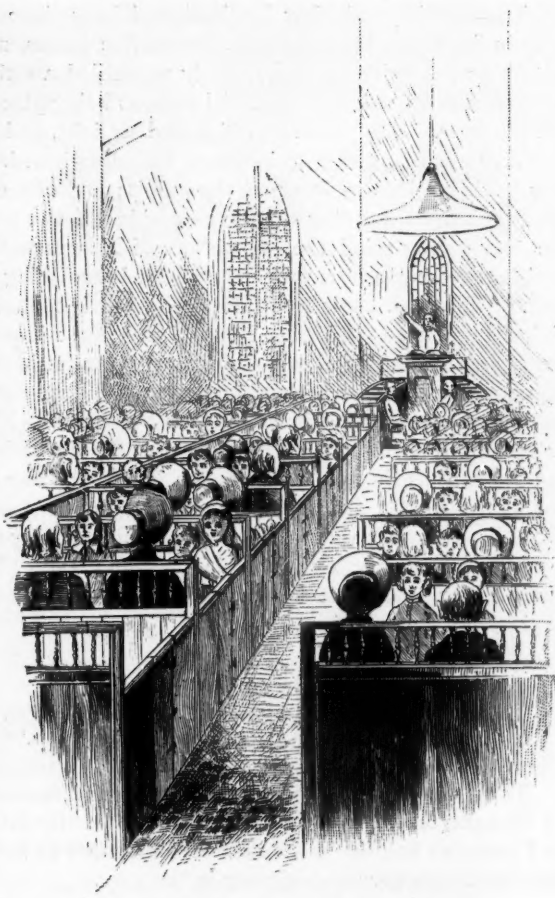
amid other scenes—for important trusts, indeed, in church and state in all parts of our own and other lands. As years rolled on his children as well as the children of our host and hostess were children no longer, and troops of children's children were coming from other places to the ancestral homes at each return of Thanksgiving, making the old walls echo to the ringing music of their merry voices.

Our party arrived, after a tiresome drive, on the night before the day big with the fate of many fowls. Sent early to bed, we were prepared for Thanksgiving breakfast at the regulation hour, where the delicious chicken served so bountifully was but the foretaste of what was to follow as the day progressed. Then came family devotions, each person present, old and young, participating in the service by reading two verses of Scripture, and kneeling while the prayer was offered, in which these words were uttered: "It is both the duty and the privilege of a Christian people to recognize their obligations to the bountiful Giver of all good, and to recognize the fresh and continued evidence of the divine favor and forbearance during the past year." The host, at this date, was a portly, well preserved,

warm-hearted man, of some fourscore years, whose eyesight (without the aid of glasses) was perfect, but who walked with crutches, one foot having been destroyed. He was a most delightful story-teller, and was ever in his best and happiest humor with a group of grandchildren clustered about him—one usually occupying the place of honor on his sound knee—listening with bated breath to the stirring accounts of his exploits in the Revolutionary army. He was just fifteen years of age when hostilities began, and his diverting narrative of how he skipped behind his uncle at the battle of Bunker Hill, to escape being shot by the enemy, brought him very close to the heart of his juvenile audience. He grew older and of more consequence as the war advanced, and was engaged in serious work. Tragic, indeed, was the story of how he was four days without food in the woods of Maine, wandering from the Penobscot River, up which his sloop had been chased by the British, through the wilderness to Boston. All his varied experiences were, for us, most exciting and bewildering.

The hostess, who as we have seen was his junior by three years, was exceedingly tall, commanding in appearance, and very grave and earnest in conversation. She was kind and gentle and lovable, but rarely laughed with us. When we claimed her attention, she explained to us the true character of the Thanksgiving festival, and said it ought always to be regarded as a strictly religious celebration. She told us that it was originally suggested by the Hebrew feast of tabernacles, and was not unusual in Europe before the discovery of America; that such a day was observed in Leyden, Holland, on the 3d of October, 1575, the first anniversary of the deliverance of that city from siege; and that her ancestors who came over in the *Mayflower*, in 1620, held the first New England Thanksgiving within ten months after landing at Plymouth. Looking into her sweet, deep-blue eyes and animated face while these words fell from her lips, we could almost, with but slight help of the imagination, see the far-away light on the Atlantic coast, as Governor Bradford's four men came back from fowling to rejoice and be thankful all together. One grandchild, lifted suddenly among the clouds of fancy with the thrilling idea, ran screaming through the house: "I can touch the first Thanksgiving in the world! Our dear grandmother was there just after she came over in the *Mayflower*, more than two hundred years ago, and I can put my hand upon her living hand, and kiss her beautiful white hair!" The check to such an ambitious flight came quickly, and the severe and well-timed rebuke for inattention and inaccuracy was singularly effectual. Just then a rollicking rover brought sensational news from the kitchen, to the effect that a big conflagration had broken out in the

brick oven, that six puddings were filled with plums, and that "Lady Jane Grey, Queen Elizabeth, and Marie Antoinette, with their heads cut off, were being dressed for dinner!" We were wisely restrained from inquisitive questioning and from individual investigation, by the order to make ready for church. When the adult visitors were also equipped, it was found that a part of our juvenile delegation had moved on in advance, perched hatless and cloakless on the back of a quaint little white pony some three and a half feet high, belonging to one of the party. Such boisterous proceedings suggested far too much levity for the



ATTENDING CHURCH ON THANKSGIVING DAY.

solemn and important occasion, and we were called back and dismounted, to our infinite regret, and to the apparent dissatisfaction of the notable pony, with his oval-shaped ears standing up as straight as church spires above wicked-looking eyes, for he was never averse to a frolic. But every trace of mirth and irreverence was subdued before we reached the sacred edifice, which we entered with as much gravity and somewhat of the dignity of our elders. This old meeting-house, fashioned after a pattern never

much known beyond New England, and long since obsolete, was a curiosity in its way. Its pews were square-like boxes, and the family, when seated on all sides of one, queerly resembled a sleigh-riding party—the children and other inconsequential persons being placed with their backs to the minister. The pulpit was high and straight, and over the head of the preacher was suspended an immense sounding-board. The deacons had a pew to themselves in front of the pulpit; and the choir nearly filled the great galleries extending across three sides of the building, suggesting to the very young mind the old picture of Xerxes and his hosts—especially in rising to sing a hymn with the leader brandishing his enormous tuning-fork. When the choir stood, the congregation stood also. The Thanksgiving sermon to which we listened was most impressive. The learned pastor infused into it the heat of his own enthusiasm, the full measure of his own gratitude for blessings received. There was no ambiguity in his expressions, no confusion in his own thoughts of how much to attempt or how to discriminate. His style was simple and direct, his speech as spontaneous as that of an ingenuous, impetuous boy, his piety as transparent as glass. On reaching home our sedate hostess catechised us as to the text, and what we had learned at the morning service that we could always remember? The following response came from the youngest of our number, and must have surprised her: "I don't know true how it begins, but it goes this way:

' You'll not be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fight to win the prize,
And sail through bloody seas.' "

Thus the choir on that particular occasion furnished the child a germ of thought, one that was to mature subsequently into a pillar of strength, and prove so helpful as to cause its possessor to feel oftentimes like celebrating Thanksgiving every day in the year.

Then we in turn catechised our catechiser, and elicited much fresh information about Thanksgiving observances in America since that initial celebration of the Pilgrims in 1621. We learned that the first national appointment of a Thanksgiving day was in 1789, by President Washington, the very next year after our grandmother's marriage and establishment in her new home. She told us how thankful she felt on that particular morning, and what a personal matter she made of the occasion, although its special purpose, as recommended by Congress, was to give thanks for the adoption of the Constitution. In 1795, President Washing-



THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I.

[From the sketch by Vandyck in the Louvre.]

ton issued a second proclamation for a national day of thanksgiving, that time on account of the suppression of an insurrection. Going backward a century and more, she explained to us that days of thanksgiving had been appointed in Massachusetts in 1633, in 1634, in 1637, in 1638, in 1639, in 1651, in 1658, and in 1680, about which time it became an annual State custom. She said that occasional days of thanksgiving were appointed by the Dutch governor of New York, as early as 1644, and in many of the years later on. But until the present century had considerably advanced, the official recommendations for the observance of the Thanksgiving festival were mainly confined to the New England States.

The irrepressible company were finally dismissed for their own entertainment, and with flying feet went in pursuit of information of a different character. The mystery of mysteries was the cooking of the Thanksgiving dinner. To most of us, at that period, the long crane in the monster fire-place was a novelty, and the iron kettles of varied shapes and sizes hanging upon it with their boiling and stewing contents, of greater moment than the British Museum has ever been to us since. Steaming pies, mince, apple, and pumpkin, coming from the brick oven, together with a regiment of puddings, whetted our appetites marvelously; and chickens roasting before the fire in a movable tin bake-oven were declared "done" by a self-appointed committee a dozen times or more before the banquet hour arrived. The chicken pie, without which no New England Thanksgiving could have been complete, we did not discover until we were served to it at the table. But we had secret advices from our cheery host that it was baking, with a friendly caution against indecorous interrogation where so many amateur cooks were concerned; and while we waited, with a polite exhibition of excessive patience not very cordially felt, he charmed us with another invoice of captivating stories. He told us about the Kings of England from James I. to George III., describing each in his personal and domestic relations; the tragic fate of Charles I. stirred our quick sympathies for his children, as they stood before us in a copy of the old painting in the Louvre to which we were introduced. He lighted up his accounts of George III. with humorous anecdotes, and, as never before, we gloried in the struggle which had given birth to a government of our own. In the mean time, he taught us other things worth knowing, as, for instance, that man is equal to his aspirations and can obtain whatever he labors for; that study would open a thousand avenues for our future happiness; that we could acquire lessons of value from observation, if we were not too dull to comprehend the fact that we were to go through life with our eyes open; that the art of thinking, the cultivation of memory, and the use of words were three branches of knowledge we particularly needed; and that for people of good sound sense life was really worth living. Perhaps we enjoyed the delicious Thanksgiving feast all the more when it was at length announced for the mental nourishment and encouragement we had received. It would be a pleasure to chronicle the bill of fare under which the table groaned, but the reader has caught a few glimpses already, and the actual statistics would occupy too much space. It was a dinner unlike any offered at the present day—and such an one as would have been difficult to find outside of New England in that long ago. The evening was devoted to varied amusements in which all participated—fathers, mothers, aunts, uncles and cousins,

as well as the children—and games of every description even to “blind-man’s-buff” and “my ship has come from India” followed each other in rapid succession. At nine o’clock precisely, tea, cake, pie, fruit and nuts were served in magnificent proportions, and the party retired to dream of grandfathers and grandmothers and that genuine old-fashioned New England Thanksgivings had no end.

The spirit of the Thanksgiving festival is, however, and should be, the same in all periods and decades. It can never, in its observances, be to the children of other States and climes just what it was and is to the children



THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

of New England. Yet the sentiment breathing through the latest proclamation of the Governor of New York for the observance of November 25, 1886, is not so very different from those early proclamations of our forefathers. It opens as follows:

“Let there be thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God for the abundant harvest and the blessings of health and peace with which the year has been crowned. Let there be prayer for a continuance of all the tender mercies and the watchful care which have been divinely granted to us in the past.”

Martha J Lamb

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S LITERARY EXECUTOR

THE FIRST SHAKESPEAREAN REVIVAL

There is one Anglo-Saxon heritage which we of this side "the mournful and misty Atlantic" certainly have retained equally with our brethren who never came out from under domination of the British crown. The great Shakespeare, at least, knew nothing of an America that was not England; and, in all that goes by his name, there is no hint of a dividing ocean. Both sides of this ocean to-day, as then, are owners of his undying works. And both sides ought to remember gratefully any hand which helped to preserve, in unbroken line from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century, this heritage.

Whether connected with William Shakespeare by any natural tie or not, certainly, Sir William Davenant was the nearest approach to a literary executor that William Shakespeare ever had. And that it was he, and he alone, who carried William Shakespeare through a cycle which cared nothing for him, but (as Pepys's and Evelyn's diaries sufficiently evince) preferred artificial Frenchiness and libertinism, ought to be remembered.

After Davenant's death, Dryden wrote a preface to his own and Davenant's version of *The Tempest*, in which he says, "Sir William Davenant did me the honor to join me with him in the alteration of this work. It was originally Shakespeare's, a poet for whom he had a particularly high veneration, and whom he first taught me to admire." And we shall see there is plenty of other proof of Sir William's sturdy, and—as it had to be in that age,—stubborn loyalty to the great poet of all time—of every time, it seems, except that one.

Young William Davenant, after some preliminary schooling, entered Lincoln College in 1621. But he scribbled poetry instead of studying, and soon left without taking any degree. He attracted the attention of the gay Duchess of Richmond, and for a while became her page, from which service he entered the household of Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, who had been a friend of Sir Philip Sidney, and was himself something of a poet. When Lord Brooke died, in 1628, Davenant was left unprovided for, and began to earn his livelihood by his pen alone. His bent was for dramatic poetry, probably the most remunerative sort of verse at that time, as now. At any rate, he produced a lot of plays, all of which were

successful. Among the first were *Gondibert*, *The Just Italian*, and *The Cruel Brother*. In 1637, Ben Jonson, the then poet-laureate, died. Davenant was appointed in his stead, with a salary of £100, but the "butt of sack" was, for some reason, withheld. Davenant now became one of that brilliant throng who, in the days of Charles I., the Parliament, and Charles II., surrounded the varying fortunes of the royal family. His associates and literary contemporaries were Waller, Carew, Sir John Suckling, Dryden, and Abraham Cowley. Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher, Lords Somerset, Clarendon, and Jermyn were his intimates. When Waller, Hobbes, and Suckling fled to France, in the troubled last days of Charles I., Davenant followed in the train of the wandering Queen Henrietta Maria. A dramatic poet, he was especially hated by the play-hating Puritans. In 1641 he was charged in Parliament with having taken part in a conspiracy to raise an army; was imprisoned, liberated on bail, forfeited it, and succeeded in reaching the shores of France, from whence he published an ineffectual memorial pamphlet addressed "*To the Hon. the Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses of the House of Commons assembled in Parliament.*" Commissioned by the queen, he returned to England with supplies for the royal army; saw active service at the siege of Gloucester in 1643, as Lieutenant-General of Artillery, and there received the honor of knighthood at the royal hand.

He again returned to France, resumed his place in the court of Queen Henrietta Maria, and while there became a Catholic. After Charles's execution he headed a colonizing expedition to Virginia, with the queen's sanction, but his ship was captured, and he was thrown into prison at Cowes, becoming for the second time a parliamentary prisoner. From here he wrote, in imminent prospect of decapitation, "But 'tis high time to strike sail, and cast anchor—though I have run but half my course—when, at the helm, I am threatened with death, who, though he can visit us but once, seems troublesome." He was released, however, and pardoned, owing to Milton's interposition (a favor he was able to reciprocate after the Restoration, when Cromwell's secretary, Milton, in turn, was threatened). After his release from the Tower he bade a long farewell to politics—in whose service he had endured almost everything except actual decapitation—and resumed his calling as a dramatist. He opened and managed, until his death in 1668, the Duke of York's Theater in Portugal Street, London. He was honored in death by burial in Westminster Abbey, under the inscription on his grave, "O rare Sir William Davenant." Such was Sir William Davenant's history: the history of a man of letters of those reckless and fitful days of anarchy and

social upheaval; no higher, perhaps, but certainly no less illustrious than that of any of his compeers. We come now to the peculiar and memorable service he rendered not only England, but the transatlantic world—every world, indeed, which reads to-day its Shakespeare.

We need not pause to glance here at the uprising of the Puritans, their war on the drama, and the return volleys fired by the theatre in the shape of a license it taxes language to express—a license which, when the Restoration allowed it full swing, became so extravagant that even the laxest of readers to-day shudders at its bestiality. In those days almost all literature was commonplace, except the drama, and that was carrion. Shakespeare was too pure and clean for the days of Charles II. He had to be done over by such men as Dryden, Ravenscroft, and Tait, to suit the ladies and gentlemen of whose doings Pepys and Evelyn kept diaries. But it is interesting to see how Davenant at once managed to keep the works of his master, Shakespeare, alive in the swim, and to avoid financial martyrdom in the process.

The great plays, we have seen, were dead—deader than they have ever been since. We happen to be able to realize precisely the difficulties experienced by Sir William in his crusade against the prurient and vitiated taste of the day, and the appetite and license which came back again with the restored king. John Evelyn, born in 1620, a courtier who had followed the royal fortunes, and at the Restoration had become a favorite at court—one of “the mob of gentlemen who writ with ease”—kept a diary of these days. This Evelyn diary gives, among other things which interested the diarist, very full lists of the plays the court witnessed; and bristles with evidence that, even for Davenant's sake, Charles II. could hardly be prevailed upon to sit out Shakespeare. “The old plays,” says Evelyn (apropos of *Hamlet*, which he saw February 28, 1666), “begin to disgust this refined age since his majesty is so long abroad.” A much more methodical diarist than Evelyn was Mr. Samuel Pepys, and his record is to the same effect as Evelyn's, exhibiting—if anything—even more emphatically, how utterly the Shakespearean plays were caviare to the general; and out of taste in the period of which he wrote.

Sept. 29th 1662—To the King's Theatre, where we saw Mid-summer Nights' Dream, which I had never seen before, nor ever shall again; for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that I ever saw in my life.

Jan. 1, 1663-4—Saw the so much cried up play of Hen. VIII., which, though I went with great resolution to like it, is so simple a thing, made up of a great many patches, that besides the processions in it, there is nothing in it good or well done.

Aug. 15, 1667—To the Duke's House, where a new play; the house full; so we went to the King's, and there saw the Merry Wives of Windsor which did not please me at all, in no part of it.

Nov. 1, 1667—To the King's House, and there saw a silly play and an old one: The Taming of the Shrew.

1663-4—Jan. 5th. I saw the Indian Queen acted, a tragedy well written, so beautiful with rich scenes, as the like had never been seen here, or haply except rarely on a mercenary theatre.

And he notes also that Aug. 1, 1666, he saw *Othello*, "which, having lately read The Adventures of Five Hours it seems a mean thing," though he liked Davenant's *Macbeth*, with its music and dancing. And, when spending some money in books, Evelyn makes a note that he looked over Shakespeare, but finally chose "*Hudibras*, the book now in greatest fashion for drollery."

The result was that Sir William, finding that his patrons would not come and see Shakespeare as he was, to save himself from bankruptcy, bethought him of adding to their representation the charm of music and dancing, in the French mode, and of putting certain of the speeches into verse and setting them to scores. In other words, Davenant first introduced what we call Opera into England, if he did not actually invent opera itself. Nine of the Shakespeare plays were thus kept in commission by Davenant, either represented in "runs" or alternately with others. In those days of vicious tastes such a course would hardly have been persisted in by a man seeking to repair a fortune depleted by the long civil disturbances, had he not cherished a strong personal regard for the memory of the great dramatist, or inherited a taste for something better than the very weak and slim pabulum then monopolizing the stage, like the *Indian Queen*, or *The Adventures of Five Hours*, which Mr. Diarist Pepys found so delightful.

Plays were rendered, even at this date, with very little aid from movable or "practicable" scenery. A sign announced the name of the new play, and served as programmes or bills of the play do now. Another sign—frequently replaced—denoted the scene. There were a few scenic trees, rocks, a broad traverse to conceal the balcony in the rear of the stage, and a trap-door appears to have been invented as early as the days of Dekker, perhaps by Dekker himself. The incessant changes of scene called for by the original stage directions of the Shakespeare plays themselves, indicate very clearly this poverty of scenic contrivances. Their representation would have been almost impossible had a stage to be cleared and refurnished at each. But what the Shakespearean stage lost by its uninvented accoutrements, we of this age have gained. The rich pictorial diction, the noble descriptive

passages over which we gloat to-day, were necessary then to carry to the spectator's eye what, in these times, would be expressed by the scene-painter in rough distemper. Take, for instance, "Shakespeare's Cliff" in *King Lear*. Here, the scenic effect being entirely wanting, the idea of vast headlong distance was necessary to be conveyed in words, by describing how the

"crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire,—dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head;
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock;" etc.

All this nowadays would be expressed with carpentry and canvas, and our libraries would be losers to just that extent. Nor was Shakespeare himself without a deep sense of the scenic imperfections of his day. The chorus in *Henry V.* constantly says to the audience, "Play with your fancies, and in them behold," etc.; "Suppose that you have seen," etc.; "O do but think you stand upon the rivage, and behold," etc.; "Or may we cram, within this wooden O, the very casques that did affright the air at Agincourt?" etc.

Davenant, however, determined to secure both. That is, he retained the word-painting, and called in both "carpentry and French." Up to his time a divided curtain, attached to rings running on a rod, was pulled apart when the show began. He substituted the drop curtain we now possess, widened the stage from the cramped box strewn with rushes (or, on rare occasions, with tapestry carpets) to the broad proscenium of the present style. He changed the hour of performance (always by daylight in Shakespeare's time) to evening. It seems beyond dispute that about all we have of "practicable scenery," and the contrivances which add so much to the modern stage, began abruptly with Davenant's determination to rescue the Shakespeare plays from limbo, and put them on a plane to at least compete with the prurient and palsied trash the appetite of his day preferred to them. The claim is a bold one, but is fully warranted by the record; and is of note, since therefrom it appears that to the influence of William Shakespeare and his memory we owe, not only all that is best in the text of the English drama, but what is best in its stage setting as well.

In the course of his endeavor, Davenant associated with himself one of the most interesting minor characters in English history of that period—Inigo Jones. Inigo Jones was born in London in 1572, eight years later

than William Shakespeare. We know nothing of his career until, at a date not certain, Pembroke, attracted by his genius, sent him to France, Germany, and, above all, Italy (then, as now, the home of graphic art). While in Venice, he was attracted by the works of Palladio, and on his return introduced his style, which seems to have completely dominated him, into England. We have, however, no record of his life until about 1605, when James I. employed him to devise scenery for the masques of Ben Jonson. It will always remain one of the stumbling-blocks of Shakespearean study, that great Shakespeare, the alleged favorite of two courts, wrote none of these masques; whereas Ben Jonson, his lesser light, was always employed at them. (It is claimed, indeed, that the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is a masque devised for courtly representation, although the court records of Elizabeth and James give no color to the claim.)

But certainly it is only a lesser marvel than the non-acquaintance of Shakespeare and Bacon, this inability to trace any coincidence of career between the former, the leading stage-manager, and Inigo Jones, the leading scenic artist and designer of costumes of those days. So great was Jones's repute, such the extreme confidence placed in him, that, in preparing the bodily part of Jonson's *Masque of Blackness*, Jones was allowed by the government £10,000 (present value of money) for his disbursement, with no account to be made thereof. In the same year he was summoned to Oxford to superintend three spectacles, and in the next year he worked at the splendid *Masque of Hymen*, planned to celebrate the marriage of Essex and Frances Howard. On this occasion one of the Jones contrivances was a globe, large enough to hold all the masquers, arranged in tableaux, and to turn on its axis in a horizontal plane without any machinery of support visible to the audience. Jones and Jonson long continued in a sort of Gilbert-Sullivan partnership, but finally quarreled. Townshend, Carew, Shirley, and Heywood afterwards became, for short periods, Jones's coadjutors, though we know nothing of their joint product. But, in 1634, a masque, *The Temple of Love*, was presented by the queen and her ladies at Whitehall, written by Davenant and contrived by Jones. Five or six other masques had followed this (indeed, it is said that Davenant owed his first favor at court to his services as libretto writer to Jones). So these two were by no means unacquainted, when, in his series of Shakespearean revivals, Davenant secured, as employé rather than as coadjutor, the services of the veteran artist, and Betterton was dispatched to Paris to study the details of arrangement of the French stage. The result was an impressive "opening run," and Sir William would certainly have been warranted had he advertised (as our own

managers do) that "positively no expense whatever had been spared to make this Shakespearean revival a complete success."

The opening piece chosen for this first "Shakespearean Revival" on record was *The Tempest*, as re-written by Dryden and Davenant. Two innovations—the placing of the orchestra band between performers and audience, and the giving of the female parts to women—signaled the occasion. The latter novelty was stormed and hissed at, the manager was cursed, and the actresses insulted. But, as the interest of the play progressed, the audience first deferred their indignation, then acquiesced, and finally forgot all about it. The next day there were a few mutterings, but they blew over, and so the change grew into a success, and audiences soon came to wonder that they had ever been contented with anything else.

The play, as Shakespeare left it, was re-enforced with the character of Hippolyto, who had never seen a woman (to offset Miranda, who had never seen a man), and Miranda was given a sister, Dorinda. To this succeeded altered versions of *Julius Cæsar*; a burlesque on *Antony and Cleopatra*, entitled *All for Love*; and *A Law against Lovers*, in which Dryden and Davenant welded up together *Measure for Measure* and *Much Ado About Nothing*. In this latter, Shakespeare's Claudio is the sinner; Angelo (out of *Measure for Measure*) is made a brother of Benedict, and Beatrice his ward. The situation turns on Benedict's and Beatrice's love, but mutual objection to matrimony, and Angelo's determination that they shall come together in lawful wedlock or not at all. The comic parts are supplied by the rebellion of the nursery-maids, wet-nurses and milk-women against a law which will depopulate the country. The scene is laid in Turin; Benedict, Beatrice, and Viola (who is made Beatrice's sister) come on with songs and dances, and the "Disguised Duke" is the universal friend who makes everything turn out right in the end. A brief allusion to one other of Davenant's successes in this rehabilitating of Shakespeare must suffice for our purpose. There is, as everybody remembers, a famous scene in *Robert le Diable*, where the graves in the Campo Santo at Pisa open, the dead arising slowly in their cerements, when, all at once, these cerements fall away, and the whole scene transforms into a brilliant ballet. Something of this sort appears to have been introduced by Davenant into *Macbeth*. He made the witches to appear in larger groups than the original three, and used them in precisely this way—making their ghostly machinery vanish, their witch rags drop off, whereat they become *coryphées*, and the stage a brilliant fairy piece. Even the finical Pepys had to admit that he liked this sort of thing vastly!

In 1679, John Dryden by himself remodeled *Troilus and Cressida*. He called it *Truth Found Too Late*. In his preface (dedicated to the Earl of Sutherland) he says he found the style of Shakespeare "so pestered with figurative expressions that it is as affected as it is obscure; the author seems to have begun it with some fire, the characters of 'Pandarus' and 'Troilus' are promising enough, but, as if he grew weary of his task, after an entrance or two he lets 'em fall, and the latter part of the tragedy is nothing but a confusion of drums and trumpets, excursions and alarms. The chief persons who give name to the tragedy are left alive. 'Cressida' is left alive and is not punished." "I have undertaken to remove that heap of rubbish. . . . I new modeled those characters which were begun and left unfinished, . . . made, with no small trouble, an order and connection of the scenes, and . . . so ordered them that there is a coherence of 'em with one another, . . . a due proportion of time allowed for every motion, . . . have refined the language," etc. Mr. Dryden's process of "refining the language" was to make this *Troilus and Cressida*, or, *Truth Found Too Late*, one of the smuttiest plays ever read. Every suggestive situation in the original he enlarged upon and elaborated. He made the action of the play to consist, not of the pathetic story of a brave warrior palsied in the midst of crashing arms by the falseness of a heartless harlot, but of the actual commerce of the two, as watched through a keyhole by Pandarus, and described by him, as Chorus, to the audience. But Davenant, in spite of his own excesses, will be found to have touched the text more tenderly, adapting it only just as little as necessary to the salacious taste of the time, and with much more honor and decency always. He had the heart for better things, at least. If he were not custodian of the works of the man he claimed as a parent, then they had no custodian, and—son of Shakespeare as he claimed to be, poet as he was, laureate as he became—in an age of which he was neither the worst nor the worthiest, he deserves grateful remembrance forever for being the first to bring back from oblivion, to the English stage they have never surrendered since, the dramatic works that once held the stage of William Shakespeare.

In the rooms of the Garrick Club in London there stands a memorial at once of Shakespeare and of Sir William Davenant, whose value is beyond estimation. It is the bust now known as the "Devonshire Shakespeare." It seems that, in 1737, sixty-nine years after Davenant's death, his structure on Portugal Street, known as the Duke's Theater, ceased to be used as a play-house, and was altered into the china warehouse occupied by Spode and Copeland (whence the "Copeland," well known of china col-

lectors). In 1845 this old warehouse was in its turn torn down, to make room for enlargement of the Museum of the London College of Surgeons. In the course of demolishment—which rendered the ground-plan of the old theater plainly visible—a terra-cotta bust fell from some concealed niche. Put together, the fragments made a passable bust of Ben Jonson, and fitted a bracket on one side of an old door-frame. Search for a corresponding bracket, on the other side, led to one being found, not only, but, standing securely upon it, a bust of William Shakespeare. In the course of its subsequent history, this bust was purchased by the Duke of Devonshire for three hundred guineas, and by him presented to the Garrick Club. For ourselves, at least, we believe it to be a representation of Shakespeare. Nor can we imagine that Sir William would have displayed in his theater an inadequate or poor likeness. At any rate, if genuine at all, it is the most valuable portraiture we possess; showing Shakespeare after middle-age maturity, and possessing a circumstantial authenticity which the death mask can only be conceded by many grains of allowance. The face is that of a man who might have been a very unpleasant creditor, and certainly looked more like a capitalist than a poet: just such a stern, kindly man of affairs as we have come to believe Shakespeare was; a man with too high a sense of justice to let his neighbors defraud him, even in the matter of payment for "malt delivered;" who went into the plays for the same reason that he went into the Stratford tithes—because he saw a profit in them; and who, to his last moments, showed, as a man, the manly elements which determined and enabled him, by hard personal work, to relieve the rigorous penury of his family, restore them to affluence, institute legal proceedings to recover the maternal estates surrendered in duress of poverty, buy his father a grant of arms, and make solid investments in metropolitan properties. There certainly is no richer trait in William Shakespeare's private character than the firmness of purpose which, even in stress of poverty, held him to his determination to spend his last days in affluence in the home of his youth, and his final accomplishment of it in the teeth of envy, jealousy, and even courtly disfavor. It is the *justum ac tenacem propositi virum* that is lineated in every groove and furrow in the face of that Devonshire bust.

Davenant, of course, had both enemies and traducers in plenty. Richard Flecknoe wrote, in 1668, his pamphlet, *Sir William Davenant's Voyage to the Other World*, to ridicule him (of which, however, nothing at all is remembered to-day). But, by his contemporaries who knew him best, Davenant seems to have been held in constant esteem, admiration, and affection. The *Biographica Dramatica* says that "honor, courage, grati-

tude, integrity, and vivacity were the prominent features of his mind," and Dryden cannot estimate too highly his literary excellence. "I found him," says Dryden, "of so quick a fancy that nothing was proposed to him on which he could not quickly produce a thought extremely pleasant and surprising—and those first thoughts of his, contrary to the old Latin proverb, were not always the least happy; and as his fancy was quick, so likewise were the products of it remote and new. He borrowed not of any other, and his imaginations were such as could not easily enter into any other man. His corrections are sober and judicious, and he corrected his own writings much more severely than those of another man, bestowing twice the labor and pains in polishing which he used in invention." In these days we do not estimate men according to their ability to "produce a thought extremely pleasant or surprising," or as their fancies are "remote and new." But the quotation serves to show that Davenant was abreast of the culture, and passed muster in the opinion, of the best of his contemporaries. Nor should we, ordinarily, demand more than this. We must remember that the centuries, so far, have hardly developed more than one man who "was not for an age, but for all time." And after all, say what we will about Davenant, we must not lose sight of the fact that he was the god-son, even if not the son, of an immortal Shakespeare!

Appleton Morgan

OHIO AS A HOSPITABLE WILDERNESS

PIONEER LIFE ON THE WESTERN RESERVE

It was native New England thrift that sent the early settlers of the Western Reserve across the wooded solitudes of New York and over the mountains of Pennsylvania, to locate in this north-eastern corner of Ohio, which their struggles and intelligence have made well known the world over. The possessions which Connecticut had gained in this portion of the Ohio wilderness led her sons, and their neighbors of the other New England States, to make use of lands in which they had a natural inheritance, or could purchase on easy terms from companies of which they had a personal knowledge. The Connecticut Land Company, and the smaller corporations growing out of it, sent surveyors to the Reserve, and laid out townships which, in their entirety, or in divided form, could be purchased for small sums and on easy payments. The result was that a tide of emigration began to flow westward in the closing days of the last century and the early part of this, and among those who were borne along were the sons and daughters of the patriots of the Revolution, the direct descendants of those who had sought freedom of conscience in the New World.

Perhaps there never has been a movement, in the migrations of people, that in its most striking features bore a resemblance to this. There can be none hereafter, since the railroad has opened the way along which the restless world now crowds forward into the wilderness. The fruit and flower of New England life was that which came here, as only that could bear the hardships of the journey, the western wilderness, or the rigors and dangers of the new life. It was no ignorant peasantry, but the best brain and highest culture of which any portion of America was then capable, that mingled freely in the westward-flowing stream. The needs of religion and education were recognized as among the first things to be considered in each new settlement. A striking illustration of the tone and temper that pervaded the whole movement west is found in the fact that when Connecticut, in 1786, was preparing to place this property in the market, her legislature made provision that in the sale of each township five hundred acres of "good land" should be reserved for the use of the public in supporting the gospel ministry, and five hundred more for the sustenance of schools; and that two hundred and forty acres in each township be granted in fee-simple to the first gospel minister who should settle in such town.

This plan was not adhered to in the final disposition of the land, although its principles, in the educational line, were carried out in another form.

The hardships with which the early settlers had to contend, the perils surrounding them, and the courage with which they met want, sickness, depredations of wild beasts, and the constant expectation of Indian attack, are among the most thrilling features of our early history. The journey from the East was in itself a terrible experience. Not only were the railroad and canal unthought of then, but the stage-coach and the road along which it was to be drawn were still in the future. The springless wagon or the sled, loaded with household goods, farming implements, weapons of defense, and food, with wife and children stowed in corners, were the chief vehicles of transportation, and the road a mere path through the woods, or a trail, along which room for passage must be cut through the trees. Months were often consumed in this tiresome journey, and its discomforts uncomplainingly borne. Incidents without number, in illustration of the above, are held as household legends in all parts of the Reserve; and some of the pioneers who are still spared tell touching tales of the sufferings they, as children, regarded as matters of course, like the rains and snows and chills of winter. Among the first to settle in these woods was Amos Loveland, who had been a soldier of the Revolution, and was engaged in surveying on the Reserve as early as 1798. He selected a piece of land in what is now a corner of Trumbull County, and decided to locate upon it. He returned to Vermont in the fall of the year, and in December started westward, with his family of seven, and all his worldly goods packed on two sleds, each of which was drawn by a team of horses. They traveled days and encamped at night, when better accommodations did not offer. They crossed the Susquehanna River on the ice, and when the snow disappeared soon after, the sleds were traded for a wagon for the rest of the journey, which occupied, altogether, four months. It was April before he arrived at the piece of woodland he expected to transform into a farm; on this a small log-cabin had previously been erected. Less fortunate a neighbor, who was under the necessity of building a house after arrival, and for several weeks sheltered his family in the box of his wagon. Jacob Russell came from Connecticut to Cleveland with an ox team, his wife riding their only horse. Leaving her here, he returned for their children, and one of them, in recently relating their adventures, said: "Our journey was attended with the greatest suffering. My youngest sister was sick all the way, dying three days after our arrival. Father was then taken down with ague, so our house was built slowly. With the greatest difficulty mother hewed with an adze the stub ends of the floor boards, and put

them down with the little help father could give her. We moved toward the close of November, our house possessing neither door nor window. At that time two of the children were sick with ague. Father worked when the chills and fever left him for the day, putting poles together in the form of bedsteads and a table."

The Morgan family came in a covered wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen and a span of horses. A girl eight years of age rode one of the horses, and guided the lead-team the greater part of the way between Albany and Cleveland. The road was simply a trail through the woods, the underbrush between the trees having been cut away sufficiently to allow a wagon to pass. Three months were consumed in this journey, including a two weeks' stop because of sickness. In 1801 Timothy Doane reached here, and was followed by his wife and children, whom he had left in Buffalo. The description given by one of the sons, who was then three years of age and is still living, illustrates one of the methods of traveling. "Besides the four children," he writes, "mother was accompanied by an Indian and several white men, whom she had hired to assist us on the journey. When I say we came by water [Lake Erie], one's mind naturally reverts to a steamboat or sailing-vessel, but it was in neither of these that we came. It was an ordinary row-boat, propelled by oars most of the way, but frequently by a tow-line in the hands of the Indian, who walked along the bank. It was a slow method of traveling. Every evening at dark the boat was grounded, and the party went into camp on the shore for the night. The Indian was much disgusted at the mode of traveling, especially when he had to tow the boat." At the mouth of Grand River their boat was overturned, and loss of life was prevented only because the water was shallow at that point. Other families came in two-wheeled carts, some in small wagons to which but one horse was attached, while occasionally the horse, without the vehicle, would be the style of transportation employed. Streams had to be crossed by any means that could be improvised, dangers guarded against, and much suffering endured. It was not unusual for a team to give out, and a week or even a fortnight be allowed for recuperation. The facilities for going about from settlement to settlement or house to house, after the location had been made, were of the most primitive character. When the Morgans desired, as late as 1814, to attend a school entertainment in a log-house on what was then the Newburgh Road, but now Broadway, in the city of Cleveland, the father, mother, and three children found safe but crowded accommodation on the back of one horse. Roswell Scovill, of Lorain County, in the flight caused in 1812 by the false alarm that a body of British and Indians were

moving on the settlements, tied a feather-bed on the back of a pet but unbroken colt, placed his wife and babe, the latter but three weeks old, upon it, and in that manner conveyed them in safety to Hudson, thirty miles away.

When the rough journey from the East was completed, the next thought was for providing a shelter. The log-house, for so many years the only structure seen or attempted in pioneer settlements, has often been described. In one recorded instance the family dwelling contained one room eighteen feet square, with greased paper for windows, a door of split boards with strips across and wooden hinges (not a nail in the whole building). A puncheon, or split log, floor covered about one-half the ground included in the four walls, no upper floor, and no chimney except a stone wall built up five feet to keep the fire from the logs. The protection against intrusion from the outside world in one cabin is thus graphically pictured by the pen of one of its inmates: "We hung up a quilt, and that, with a big bulldog, constituted the door." When the four walls of the home were up, the settler proceeded to "chink" the openings between the logs, using pieces of wood on the inside, and plastering them with mortar on the outer. During the leisure of the evening the inner sides of the logs would be hewed down, and the bark removed from the joists above. Often there was an upper loft, and even stairs leading to it, but usually a ladder was the means of communication. In rare cases a sleeping-room would be partitioned off on the ground floor, but generally the bed stood in one end of the sole room, under protection of chintz curtains, which would often disappear as the question of clothing became more and more pressing. The bedstead was made of round poles shaved to smoothness, while elm bark served as cords. Seats, tables, and shelves were made as time and the skill of the occupants would allow, while occasionally these articles appeared among the relics saved in the breaking up of the old home in the East.

The domestic economy within this family temple was of the most primitive character. A "Dutch oven," a couple of kettles, and a spider were considered essentials, although many an outfit did not begin to touch this idyllic completeness. Judge Robert F. Paine, of Cleveland, recently used these words in describing the home accommodations of his boyhood, in Portage County: "We possessed few dishes of any kind. There was a man in Trumbull County who made them of wood, and his advent into a neighborhood would cause more excitement than the establishment of another national bank in Cleveland to-day. We ate on what we called trenchers, a wooden affair in shape something like a plate. Our neigh-

bors were in the same condition as we, using wooden plates, wooden bowls, wooden everything, and it was years before we could secure dishes harder than wood, and when we did they were made of yellow clay." Theodore Wolcott and Gad Hart spent the winter of 1806 in Farmington township. Desiring straw with which to fill their beds, they marched to Mesopotamia, five miles away, and as the woods were so dense that their bundles could not be carried through, they were compelled to travel out of their way for a long distance, going along the Warren path to Grand River, and then coming back on the open highway afforded by its ice. The first bed on which Heman Ely, the founder of Elyria, slept, on his arrival in this section, was made of the cloth covering of the wagon in which he came, and filled with straw brought with the greatest difficulty from a barn located miles away. The question of food was naturally one of the greatest moment, and much could be written of the privations experienced in that direction. The skill with which the pioneer mother made the means at her command fill the place of those to which she had been accustomed was remarkable. "The first mince-pie I ever ate on the Reserve," once said Joshua R. Giddings, "was composed of pumpkin instead of apple, vinegar in place of wine or cider, and bear's meat instead of beef. The whole was sweetened with wild honey instead of sugar, and seasoned with domestic pepper pulverized, instead of cloves, cinnamon, and allspice, and never did I taste pastry with a better relish." While such makeshifts were possible in some directions, there was one in which they were not. Salt they had to have at any price or any cost of daring and toil. There was a salt spring nine miles west of Youngstown, where people would repair from all parts of the Reserve and manufacture their own article, carrying a kettle with them, or trusting to good-fortune for the obtaining of such an article at the spring. The "Old Salt Road," as it is yet called, that leads from the mouth of Conneaut Creek at Lake Erie into Trumbull County, was so called because the demand for this staple article was one of the chief causes for its laying out. The salt from the manufactories of Onondaga, New York, was brought to Buffalo by the lake, and then transported onward by ox team. By the time it reached Trumbull County it cost twenty dollars a barrel. It was also brought from Pittsburgh on pack-horses at great trouble and expense. Sugar was costly, and had to be used sparingly, but the maple variety could be made easily and cheaply, and there was little privation in that line. Corn bread was the staple article of diet, and one pioneer, who has traveled in many lands, and partaken of great varieties of fare, has been heard to lament, "Would that it

still were." The meal dough was spread on a clean board, kept specially for that purpose, and then placed before a roaring fire, with one of the younger members of the family detailed to watch it. When the side next the flame was well baked, it would be turned around, and careful tending soon finished the process. When beautifully browned and smoking hot, it was placed on the table, in company with a bowl of milk and a wooden spoon. In contemplating this picture, a hungry man can somewhat understand the lamenting outburst quoted above. The grinding of the grain was a matter of no small difficulty and labor. A hollow in an oak stump, and a rude stone pestle dependent from a spring-pole, comprised the simplest machine employed. Then came the rude hand-mills that most of the settlers used prior to 1800, which took two hours of steady grinding to supply one person with food enough for the day. In a sketch of the Doane family, it is recorded that for two or three months all their food was supplied by a young son who had two attacks of fever and ague daily, and who walked to the house of a neighbor five miles distant, with a peck of corn, ground it in a hand-mill, and then carried it home. He adjusted his labors and his shakings to a system. In the morning, on the ending of his first attack, he would start on his journey, grind his grist, wait until his second spell was over, and then set out on his return. One of the children of that day, while recently relating her experiences, drew this touching picture: "The only flour we could get had become musty, and could not be eaten unless one were driven by extreme hunger. I was eight years old, and not sick, and was therefore compelled to satisfy my hunger with it, and give to those of the family who were suffering a better chance at the scanty corn-meal rations. The bread made from this flour was hard as well as unpalatable. I could only eat it by crumbling it into pellets and swallowing them whole. I often wondered why father cried as he sat down at the table and looked at the food, as the johnny-cake and mush looked so attractive to my hungry eyes." The venerable John Doane, in giving his testimony recently, said: "In those days we ground corn in little hand-mills. There were two stones about two and a half feet in diameter, one above the other, the upper one being turned with a pole. The corn was poured in through a hole in the upper stone. When a larger quantity of meal than could be ground in one of these mills was wanted, I was sent to Willoughby, ten miles away, to mill. I began when eight years old. Three bushels of corn and myself would be placed aboard a horse, and I would start early in the morning and get back late at night." In 1799, Joel Thorp's family found themselves out of provisions, and he started to a point in Pennsylvania twenty miles distant, to replen-

ish his stock. While he was absent, his wife and three small children were reduced to a condition of dire necessity. They fed on such roots as they could find. The eldest son remembered to have seen some kernels of corn in a crack in one of the logs of their cabin, and passed several hours in an unsuccessful search for them. The mother emptied the straw of her bed on the ground and picked it over to obtain what wheat she could, and that little handful she boiled and gave to her children. She had been taught to handle the gun, and when she saw a wild turkey providentially approach her cabin door, she took down her husband's rifle, and discovered there was but one charge in the house. With her heart beating high in the excitement of hope and fear, she crept near the fowl and luckily killed it, thus providing means to keep her little ones alive until their father should return. In 1797, the first settlers of Canfield, Mahoning County, brought all their provisions and other necessities from Pittsburgh, being guided on the way by nothing plainer than marked trees. When William Sager, a pioneer of Bristol, Trumbull County, desired to purchase some wheat, which could not be had at home, he rode to Mesopotamia to obtain two bushels, and consumed a whole day in doing so. On the next morning he started for the nearest mill, at Warren, and spent the day in getting there. His grist was ground in the evening, and the next day occupied in the return home. Ichabod Terrell tells of purchasing salt in Cleveland at forty dollars a barrel, and hauling it to Elyria at the rate of three miles per day, cutting a road through the woods a large portion of the way. In 1807, one family was compelled to subsist for three days upon boiled beech leaves, while the father was away after food. "On the fourth day," relates one of the sons, "my brother, twelve years of age, came hurrying in, and cried, 'Give me the gun! I believe I can shoot a deer!' From its high place on the wall, mother handed it to the eager boy. She bade us hush and listen. Soon came the report, and the boy's shout of joy told us of his success. Then mother and children ran out to see. There was the quivering, prostrate form of the deer. The tears fell from mother's eyes. Was it pity at the large, sad eyes of the doe? Nay, but the thought that the All-merciful Father had not left her little ones to starve. That night our father came home with some wheat." At one time the few families living in Harpersfield were so reduced that but six kernels of parched corn were allowed daily to each person, and life was only saved through the heroic efforts of two young men, who tramped through deep snow and over frozen rivers to Elk Creek, Pennsylvania, where they obtained two sacks of corn, which they carried home on their backs, making several like journeys during the winter. The grain grown was at the expense of much

trouble and care. The spot of wood once chosen for a cornfield, the large trees would be girdled and left standing, while the smaller ones were cut down and burned. Holes were then made in the ground by means of a hoe or pickaxe, and into each of these a few kernels of corn were dropped; no cultivating or hoeing followed, except to cut down the largest weeds. Where buckwheat was sown, the boys of the family, in many cases, were compelled to watch it all day long, to keep the wild turkeys from destroying it.

The next gradation in the scale of necessity was that of clothing. The Eastern cotton and woollen fabrics were too expensive, and beyond the reach of the pioneers, who had little money and practically no market for their produce. Home ingenuity was called into play, and flax and buckskin were the bases upon which it built. Flax was early introduced and the loom soon set up. Sometimes the fiber of the nettle was gathered, and on being spun could be woven into garments that might be worn with comfort until after they had been washed, when they would rasp any portion of the body with which they came in contact. To remedy this annoyance, the boys would often roll their clothing into a ball, when unseen, and laying it upon a stump, pound it back to the desired softness. "A buckskin suit over a flax shirt was considered full dress," declares one of the pioneer authorities. When the coat of hide became hard and stubborn, from long using, it was washed, scraped, and pounded to the requisite pliability. A small patch of land would be planted with flax, and at the proper time the crop would be pulled, dried, bleached, and hackled. It was then beaten into shape for the spinning-wheel. Raw cotton was imported and exchanged for flax or wool. This had to be hand-picked and carded, and then, like the flax, given to the women of the household for spinning. Many of the settlers had a few sheep, whose wool was treated in a manner similar to the cotton. Summer clothing was made of cotton mixed with flax, while in winter wool was used in the filling. Leather was expensive and difficult to obtain; therefore the men went barefoot when they could, while the women carried their shoes to church, sitting down on a log near the "meeting-house" to slip them on.

Even in the wilderness the art of pleasing and the sway of fashion were not altogether abandoned. The following has been given as a pen-picture of a belle of those days: "A smiling face, fresh but dark, a full head of smoothly combed hair tied up behind in a twist knot, a dress, made out of seven yards of linsey-woolsey, closely fits the natural form and reaches to within six inches of the floor. It is fancifully and uniquely striped with copperas, butternut, and indigo, alternating. The belt is made

of homespun, but is colored with imported dye, and a row of buttons down the back are also set on a bright stripe. Heavy cowhide shoes conceal substantial feet and shapely ankles. That is the pioneer young lady." The late Dr. Jared P. Kirtland, the scientist, in describing the costume, in 1810, of a young member of the family to which Governor Tod belonged, said: "She wore a home-made mixture of linen and cotton, cut after the fashion of the female disciples of Ann Lee, with no plaits and few gores, unmodified by either corset or bustle. The lower margin was adorned with a two-inch stripe of madder red, followed next by one of indigo blue, and by a third one of yellow." Many houses held the great looms in which the homespun cloth was woven, and day after day they could be heard pounding away, the treadles going up and down, and the shuttles flying swiftly to their task. The mother of the family was a busy and useful woman through every hour of her pioneer life.

There was a social side to this severe life in the woods, and it was cultivated with a simple zest that made a success of each homely gathering. Of a ball held in Warren, in 1803, it is recorded: "We began to dance at two o'clock on Monday afternoon, and left the room a little before sunrise on Tuesday morning." The first gathering of that character in Cleveland was held July 4, 1800, in Major Lorenzo Carter's cabin, on the hillside. About thirty couples were present, and they were compelled to dance on a rough puncheon floor, and their only beverage was whisky, sweetened with maple sugar. Courtship was at times carried on in the face of difficulties, but the strong-limbed and broad-shouldered young man cared little for the distance that lay between his home and that of the desired fair one. Aleck McIlrath, of Cleveland, was wont to tell of walking fourteen miles through the mud for the purpose of borrowing a pair of trousers, in which to make his Sunday-evening call on his lady love, his own, of buckskin, having become soaked by the rain and shrunk to such dimensions that he could not get them on. There was an admirable promptness about the wooers of those days, that made courtship a matter of short negotiation. The Hon. Harvey Rice, President of the Early Settlers' Association, relates the case of Mr. Kingsley, a widower, who helped a young lady school-teacher across the Chagrin River, stopped to talk to her, proposed to her, and was accepted, although they had never met until that day. She proved a helpmeet to him indeed, for when he was confined to his bed by rheumatism, she not only attended to the weaving, spinning, and housework in-doors, but also cleared land, plowed, sowed, and performed the labors of the farm. The weddings partook of the simple character of the less important social occasions. The first couple married in Poland,

Mahoning County, in 1800, were John Blackburn and Nancy Bryan, and when their decision was made, the great difficulty was to secure some one to perform the ceremony. They were anxious to have the important matter settled before the Eastern men, who were in that section surveying, should return to their homes. There was no minister anywhere near, and a justice of the peace was one of the adjuncts of civilization not then thought of. The young couple finally agreed that they would rest upon the legal right to perform the ceremony of Judge Kirtland, a neighboring settler, who had held some kind of an office before leaving Connecticut. Then came the further difficulty that no notice had been posted, as the law required. A prompt and ready-witted surveyor said he could soon remedy that, and accordingly wrote four notices, and posted one on each side of his log-cabin. Judge Kirtland produced an Episcopal prayer-book, and found the marriage ceremony. A stool covered with white cloth was placed before him. He laid the book upon it, and was about to proceed, when some one in the audience proposed that they should all take a drink of whisky. The suggestion was unanimously agreed upon, and after the general libation was concluded the judge again attempted to proceed, but found that some wag had purloined his prayer-book. Being a man of ready resource, he asked the couple if they agreed to accept each other in the marriage relation, and when they assented he duly pronounced them husband and wife. All parties were satisfied, and no one ever thought of questioning the legality of the ceremony. The earliest wedding in Northfield was that of Henry Wood and Esther Cranmer, while the justice who tied the knot walked from Hudson, some thirty miles away, and received one dollar and a half for his services. One couple, too poor to pay even that sum, started on foot to the house of the justice, hoping that he would perform the ceremony as an act of charity, or, at least, wait for his pay; but on the way the groom luckily caught a coon, and with its hide discharged the dreaded obligation. In 1805, two young millwrights became engaged to the daughters of their employer, and the time was set for the wedding. On the day previous it was discovered that the nearest person who could perform the ceremony resided in a town fifty miles distant, reached only by a bridle-path through the forest. Two men were hurriedly dispatched on the important errand. They rode all night and all the next day, and returned at midnight of the second day, bringing not only the necessary papers and the justice, but his constable as well. The purpose of the latter official was not explained, unless it was to fill his master's place if he should fall by the way. Another couple who called upon a justice, and had nothing to offer in payment for his services, finally compromised on a young dog

owned by the groom and coveted by the official. The wedding journey was usually performed on horseback or on foot, and had for its beginning and ending the place in which the ceremony was solemnized and the cabin which was to be the future home. There was no lack of hearty hospitality in the reception of the bride by her new neighbors, even though the arts of civilization could not be made use of in emphasizing the welcome. When John Weikert went after his bride, and his brother, who had kept bachelor hall in company with him, determined to surprise them by an elaborate supper on the home-coming, he was compelled, among other makeshifts, to churn the butter in the coffee-pot for lack of a better utensil—but that fact only gave zest and a touch of humor to the feast.

Sickness and death came also, and it was in the emergencies they presented that the line of comparison between the old life of the East and the new life of the western woods was most clearly drawn. When Champion Minor's child died in Canfield township, in 1798, a woman friend came on foot from Youngstown, a dozen miles distant, to prepare it for the grave. A coffin was made of split wood pinned together, and the little one was laid away in the side of a knoll a few rods from the cabin, and no religious services could be had to console the parents in their grief. At the first burial in Collamer Cemetery, the oldest on the Reserve, the body of the dead was conveyed to the churchyard upon a sled drawn by oxen, the mud being too deep for any other vehicle. We read of one coffin being made out of rude slabs split from a walnut log, and that two women spent a night in assisting the man who was fashioning it, that it might be ready for the hour of burial on the following day. As the Wolcott family were slowly working their way through the woods to their new home in Farmington, the daughter Mary, in attempting to cross a small stream upon a log, lost her balance and fell into the water. She was soon taken with a severe cold, and all the simple remedies at their command were of no avail. She fell into a quick consumption, and died soon after reaching their destination. A few trees were felled to make an open place, a grave was dug, and she was laid away in the solitude, where the voices of nature and the sharp ring of the woodcutter's axe, or the echo of the hunter's gun, were the only sounds that broke her rest. A rude stone was set at her head, and even yet, in the village burial-place that grew up about this early grave, may be read the following, in crude lettering thereon:

"Parents and friends, a long adieu;
I leave the wilderness to you;
My body lies beneath this stone—
The arrests of death you cannot shun!"

In 1796, James Kingsbury, of Conneaut, was compelled to return to New Hampshire on a matter of business, leaving his wife alone in an old cabin abandoned by the surveyors. He was detained by sickness, and did not return until the dead of winter. On reaching his home, he found his wife in a critical condition. Her new-born babe had died, and she was compelled to bury it unaided. "This she did," says Hon. Harvey Rice, "as best she could, beneath the drifted snow and forest leaves near the cabin, and then betook herself to her comfortless bed, with the expectation that she too must soon die. On the very first night after burying her child she heard a footstep, and then a rap at her cabin door. She was startled, but unable to rise or answer. She then heard a voice that she recognized as that of her husband. The moment he opened the door she sprang, wild with delight, from the bed to meet him, and then fell to the floor from exhaustion." Her life was saved, and she lived to recount again and again the wonderful story of her long suffering alone in the heart of the wilderness.

Every township in the Reserve has its choice wolf or bear story, and to recount a tithe of them would overflow all possible limits. There is a touch of monotony about them, also, as bears are bears and men are men the country over, and their encounters in one spot very much resemble those in another, and it sometimes seems to the reader of pioneer literature as if the early settler, when he had nothing else to do, gave himself exercise by allowing Bruin to chase him up a tree. Rev. Joseph Badger, the first minister in this section, spent one night in the top of a tall tree, tied to a limb by his bandana, lest he might fall during sleep, while a bear kept company with his horse at the foot of the beech. The rain fell and the wind blew, and the position of the veteran minister was anything but pleasant. Towards daylight the bear shambled off, not having offered harm to the horse. Joshua Danforth, of Farmington, when returning from a day's chopping in the woods, met a big black bear, and, not caring for an open fight, mounted a log and began to chop, the chips flying in the animal's face. Not relishing this mode of warfare, Bruin soon trotted off. Mrs. Abner Fowler, of Fowler Township, heard the howl of wolves near the house, and, after hastily putting her children to bed, lighted a torch of hickory bark and sallied forth. She found their few sheep huddled in a group in the pasture, and saw the dark forms of wolves skulking around. The sheep followed her home, where she built a large fire in front of the house, and thus kept their savage foes at bay. Mrs. Norton, of Southington, in the absence of her husband, burned gunpowder in a spoon held through a crevice in her log-cabin, to frighten the wolves away. While Stephen Curran was at work in the woods, he saw a bear at his dinner-pail. He went

to the defense of his property with an axe, and the bear retreated. Curran followed, and as the bear nearly reached the settlement, grasped it by the tail and hung on. The scared and wondering animal finally shook him off and escaped into a ravine, just as the crowd came rushing out to capture it. One pioneer mother tells of keeping her spinning-wheel going at night, so that her little ones would not be scared by the howling of the wolves; while another relates that when she was a child these hungry animals would come up and look into the house through the holes between the logs.

The church and the schoolhouse were not forgotten, and as soon as the things absolutely essential to physical life were provided, steps were taken for the support of the Gospel and the instruction of the young. The missionary was followed by the itinerant minister, and he in turn by the settled pastor, as soon as the strength of a community would permit. The stipend of the latter was of an uncertain quantity and a very indefinite quality, as it came of the commodities of the day and region, with a very small percentage of cash. In one ancient subscription list, where the people of five townships banded together for the support of a minister, we find the following pledge:

"We do by these presents bind ourselves, our heirs, executors, and administrators firmly, to pay the sums annexed to each of our names, without fraud or delay, for the term of three years, to the Rev. Giles Cowles, the pay to be made in wheat, rye, corn, oats, potatoes, mess pork, whisky, etc., the produce of farms, as shall be needed by the said Mr. Cowles and family, together with chopping, logging, fencing, etc. We agree, likewise, should any contribute anything within said term of three years toward the support of the said Mr. Cowles, it shall be deducted according to the sum annexed to each man's name. We likewise agree that the preaching in each town shall be in proportion to what each town subscribes for said preaching." Probably the first sermon ever delivered on the Reserve was by Rev. William Wick, of Washington County, Pennsylvania, who held services at Youngstown on September 1, 1799. Some of the ministers of the day were educated, sincere, and devout, while others were uncouth, careless, and not always sure to square their practices with their professions. Of one we are told that he was grossly addicted to the use of tobacco. It was no uncommon thing for him while preaching to take a bite from a huge "plug," and on one occasion he paused in the midst of his sermon, walked down to the seat of an elder, borrowed his tobacco, satisfied himself with a large mouthful, and then calmly proceeded with his discourse.

One of the earliest schoolhouses has been thus described: A log-cabin

with a rough stone chimney; a foot or two cut from the logs here and there to admit the light, with greased paper over the openings; a large fireplace; puncheon floor; a few benches made of split logs with the flat side up, and a well-developed birch rod over the master's seat. A teacher who, as late as 1813, received ten dollars a month, payable in produce, was looked upon as receiving good wages. An ambitious young man of Lorain County, who desired higher instruction than the neighborhood afforded, rode over one hundred miles before he could find a Latin Dictionary. Even books of the commonest character were not to be had in abundance, and in one of the schools the letters of the alphabet were pasted on one side of a small wooden paddle, and the multiplication table on the other. It was passed from hand to hand for the purpose of study, and often, when not in use as an educational factor, was converted into an instrument for the enforcement of obedience. Rude and uncouth were a majority of the pupils, and not always lettered was the master, yet a grand moral and mental foundation was there, and out of those little gatherings came some of the greatest men of the nation, and the system was a forerunner of one of the most comprehensive and perfect to be found anywhere in the world. It was the Western Reserve that in the formative days gave moral and mental tone to Ohio, and within its borders originated the common-school system of this State, that has become a model for so many of the commonwealths of the West.

In this brief review of the things with which the pioneers were forced to contend, and of the methods they pursued in working out the small but vexing problems of daily life, there is no dearth of illustrative material, as every township in the Reserve could furnish its unique event or remarkable adventure. Possessed of all the desires and needs that had been taught them in civilized life, they found themselves in the heart of the wilderness, with nature as the one reservoir from which all supplies must be directly drawn, and Yankee ingenuity the chief tool to be depended upon. Their success in all directions is one of the marvels of America's development. Means and circumstances were made to fit where they could, and when that was impossible a new order of things was evolved, and old methods relegated to the past. This held good in public as in private affairs. When the mail-carrier tramped from Pittsburgh to Warren, along a trail that led through great solitudes of forest, he cumbered himself with no heavy mail-bag, but carried his bundle of letters in a pocket-handkerchief. When the settlement through which his route led possessed no postmaster, the carrier seated himself on a log or stump, sorted out the mail marked for that neighborhood, left it in care of the

nearest cabin, dropped his budget of gossip from the outside world into the hungry minds of those about him, and trudged away upon his lonely journey. Cleveland's first postmaster transformed his hat into an office, carrying the mail therein, and delivering it to its owners as he met them or had time to seek them at their homes. The first merchandise sold in Trumbull County was brought by a trader up the Mahoning River in a canoe. He poled his craft slowly, along, and, when he came to a cabin, blew a lusty blast on a great tin horn, and the people came down to inspect, and, when able, to buy.

There was no lack of patriotism among these sturdy men, and they demonstrated it grandly when war with England was declared in 1812. Independence Day was loyally observed when possible, the first recorded celebration thereof on the Western Reserve being in 1796, when General Moses Cleaveland and his party of surveyors halted at the mouth of Conneaut Creek, flung the American flag to the breeze, partook of a banquet of baked pork and beans, fired a rifle salute, and proposed toasts which were drunk in more than one pail of grog. The means of celebration were not always equal to the patriotic intent. In 1800 a gathering was held on July 4, at the residence of Captain Quinby, in Warren, and although there were provisions and liquids in abundance, there was a lack of musical instruments. A drummer and fifer studied the difficulty, and finally surmounted it. The one sought a suitable branch from an elder-bush and soon transformed it into a fife. The other cut down a hollow pepperidge-tree, and with only a hand-axe and jack-plane made a drum-cylinder. With the skin of a fawn he made heads for the drum, and corded them on with a pair of new plow-lines. The procession was then enabled to move, and whatever the music lacked in harmony it made up in volume and intention. On these patriotic occasions, as in all social gatherings, the whisky of the home-made still was brought into free use, and the man who declined it was the exception and not the rule.

The same simple freedom of manner that was seen in the home and social gathering held sway in matters of greater moment. The first court on the Reserve was held at Warren, in the open air, between two corn-cribs, through the slatted sides of which the prisoners looked out and listened to the proceedings. The earliest murder trial was that of the Indian Omic, whose fate was sealed under a tree on what is now Water Street, in the city of Cleveland; and when the day of execution arrived and the prisoner grew obstinate, the sheriff coolly coaxed him with a glass of whisky, to go up "and be hanged like a gentleman."

Withal, there never was a people in the most polished age the world

has witnessed, whose hearthstones proved so well the right meaning of hospitality. Wherever the wanderer through the forests found a cabin there he found a home. When white man met white man each hailed the other as friend, and made good his professions in his deeds. The latch-string on the heavy wooden door was out, in literal truth, and he who touched it and came in was welcome to all the humble cabin could command. Settlements a score of miles apart drew close to each other in a union of fraternity, and the story of mother or babe sacrificed to the brutal wrath of the red foe would cause a hundred resolute men to spring forth in deadly purpose, to follow and strike and die as heroes have died ever since the world began. The forests yet standing could whisper the names of brave men, in homespun and buckskin, who beneath their branches gave up life as grandly as did their fathers on the fields of the Revolution, and many dark legends are yet told by men and women who received them from the lips of those who had part therein, or on whom a portion of their shadow fell. And as these brave fathers and patient mothers suffered together and held each other close in the bond of human sympathy, so shall they together share the love and veneration in which their memory is held.

J. H. Kennedy.

CREOLE PECULIARITIES

Although much has been said, of late, concerning that little-understood branch of the American family, the Creole, the subject is not exhausted. If it presents a fruitful theme to the novelist, it is not a less interesting study for the philosophical mind, which is not satisfied with the mere existence of facts, but goes beyond, and seeks the why and wherefore of whatever is strange or puzzling. Here we have a class of American citizens with a language and manners and customs peculiarly their own, and differing widely from the *national* language, manners, and customs—if such things exist—which, excepting the language, is questionable. It does not follow that these people are inferior to other Americans, or that their peculiarities should excite only mirth or contempt. Ere we pass judgment upon them we should make sure, at least, that we understand them.

Owing to certain circumstances, such as the steady increase of the Anglo-Saxon element in Louisiana, the introduction of the American public-school system, and the changes—political and social—that have followed the civil war, the Creole is fast losing the characteristic peculiarities which have made him an object of curiosity. He is becoming Americanized in his ways of thinking and his habits; and the day is not far distant, perhaps, when the name "Creole" shall provoke no curious inquiry, but be accepted in its true and original sense, "the descendant of a colonist."

In point of fact, the descendants of Penn, of the Pilgrim Fathers, or of the Cavaliers, might have just as good claim to the name; but it has been confined to the sons born to European parents in the French and Spanish colonies, save in the British island of Jamaica, where it is used (or was, not many years ago) to distinguish the native Jamaican from his brother Englishman from across the sea. And even this exception is explained when we remember that Jamaica was a Spanish possession ere it became English, and that a large number of French Creoles emigrated there from Hayti after the negro insurrection.

The designation is supposed to be of Spanish origin: *Criollo*—probably from *criar*, to give existence, to bring up, to "inspire and imbue one with our principles and manners"—a definition perfectly applicable to the new race begotten in a new world, and jealously educated in the ideas, language, and customs of the old. The young scion, growing in this virgin soil, must

retain the characteristics of the parent stock, yet have a name of its own, for who knows what the future may hold in reserve? The French saw the analogy, and, if they did not invent the word, were not slow to adopt it, modifying it, however, to *Créole*—as good a derivation, by the way, from their verb *créer* as *criollo* is from *criar*. It was in use in all the French colonies except Canada.

As the inhabitants of the British colonies called themselves "Americans," even before their separation from the mother country, so did the inhabitants of Louisiana, whether born on the soil or in France, call themselves Creoles when the colony passed under the rule of Spain. They were, and are, just as proud of this distinctive name as the descendants of the New England Puritans, New York Knickerbockers, and Pennsylvania Friends may be of their respective origin. The iniquitous transfer of Louisiana to the King of Spain was a cruel blow to the colonists; they protested against it; they proclaimed their fidelity and devotion to the King of France, and so compromised themselves by their opposition to Ulloa, the first Spanish governor, that the lives of some of the most eminent were forfeited when O'Reilly took possession. The name Creole had received its baptism of blood.

The Louisianians were no longer French. The Creoles became a distinct race. Their number was increased during the Spanish rule by the accession of children born in Louisiana of Spanish fathers and native mothers. The short-lived retrocession to France did not affect their status, and when the territory was purchased by the United States, there was no distinction made between French and Spanish Creoles. The people, this time, accepted the new *régime* without protest. They had no love for Spain, and the ties which bound them to France had been severed by the incapacity of Louis XV. True, their hearts had throbbed with exultation as they heard of glorious victories won by France over combined Europe, and they had hailed the hoisting of the tricolor flag on the *Place d'Armes* with something of their old enthusiasm for the *Fleurs-de-Lys*, but the ceremony was but the prelude to bitter disappointment and humiliation. They were sold! Twice robbed of their nationality, without their consent, without even previous notice, they clung to their name of Creoles, as the down-trodden children of Israel, without a country they can call their own, have clung, through ages, to their name of Israelites.

Yet, apart from this natural feeling of humiliation, they were glad of the change. The old leaven of republicanism, noticed by some historians as existing in the colony at the time of the first cession to Spain, had not died out. The War of American Independence had revived the hopes of

the patriots, and as they watched the consolidation of the republic, they foresaw whence deliverance would come. It did come, not by some glorious feat of arms, as they had hoped, yet they were proud to become a part of this free, prosperous, and powerful nation. They were free at last.

The vast extent of territory known at that time as Louisiana was divided into four territories, destined to become four great States. We have to do with only one, that which retained the old name. If the people of Arkansas, of Illinois, or of Missouri do not present the peculiarities for which the Creoles of Louisiana are noted, it is that the main settlements of the French and of their successors, the Spaniards, were at New Orleans and in the adjacent country; in the more distant points of the old colony there were only small trading-posts, whose populations were too insignificant to preserve their characteristics; they were absorbed by the tide of emigration from the States. The people of Louisiana proper retained their language, their creed, their manners and customs, and even their laws—at least, their civil laws—for the treaty of purchase stipulated these privileges. They lost nothing, and gained additional guaranties—thanks to the wisdom of Edward Livingston—by the substitution of the English penal code to the complicated and oppressive criminal laws instituted by the Spaniards. An era of prosperity now commenced for the Louisianians. Emigration brought an activity in enterprise very different from the old sluggish ways of the Spanish period. The resources of the soil were developed; trade received a new impulse; the population and the wealth of the State increased rapidly—yet there was something wanting. People with different languages, creeds, and customs do not harmonize easily; and then, the Louisianians felt humiliated when they thought that they had not won by their own efforts that liberty which had brought them so many blessings. Then came the War of 1814, and the fraternal union was finally sealed on the plains of Chalmette. The Plauchés, the Peires, the Lacostes, the Villerés—worthy of their patriotic ancestor, O'Reilly's first victim—led the Creole phalanx to victory under the Stars and Stripes, and won the praise of Andrew Jackson. They had redeemed the ignominy of the sale and barter of their allegiance. From that glorious 8th of January, 1815, only, they felt that they were indeed American citizens.

How is it, then, that they have never completely assimilated with their new countrymen, but have remained so different that they are an object of wonder, and their city, gay New Orleans, is dubbed, even at this late day, "the least American of all the cities in the Union"? The two questions are intimately connected. As we study the peculiarities of New Orleans, and read her history in the architecture of her houses, the names of her

streets and her municipal boundaries, we shall arrive at a better understanding of her people, and we may even come to look on certain peculiarities as quite natural.

Here we have, as it were, three distinct cities, marking three distinct eras in the history of New Orleans. As we stand in the old *Place d'Armes*—now Jackson Square—facing the cathedral, we are in the center of the French quarter, that “narrow strip of ground stretching along the river bank,” where, in 1719, Monsieur de la Tour traced the plan of *la Nouvelle Orléans*. The streets cross each other at regular distances, so as to form squares “fifty fathom front.” These squares or blocks are called *îlets*, a name that puzzles the stranger, for he fails to discover it in the dictionary. It is old French, and means a small island, an islet. Monsieur de la Tour had caused deep ditches to be dug round each square of ground, “to serve as a drain for the river water in time of inundation,” and, as water was always plentiful in and about New Orleans, these ditches were full most of the time, and the city appeared to be composed of so many little islands.

The old boundaries are still clearly defined. The city proper commenced at St. Phillip Street—the third street from the cathedral, on our right—where a fort was built from which the street took its name. Below this fort, the Ursuline nuns, who came over in 1727, erected a convent and school for girls on what is still known as Ursulines Street. This old building, I believe, is still standing. The nuns occupied it for more than a century, when, finding themselves in the very center of a growing city, they moved to a quieter spot, three miles below the boundary. They used to have charge of the military hospital situated just beyond their convent; hence the name Hospital Street. Next comes Barracks Street, where the soldiers had their quarters, and Esplanade Street, where they held the parade. This was the lower boundary. Above the cathedral the third street was also protected by a strong fort, after which it was named—Fort St. Louis—and formed the upper limit. The city extended only half a dozen streets from the river front. It ended at Rampart Street—a name which reminds us that New Orleans had ramparts once upon a time. Just beyond this, at the foot of St. Louis Street, was the cemetery, a portion of which is still preserved, with its crumbling brick tombs and quaint epitaphs.

Such was the original configuration of New Orleans. After a time the city stretched out as high as Canal Street. Within these narrow limits the streets all bear French names: Condé, Chartres, Royale, Bourbon, Dauphine, Bourgogne, Conti, Orleans, Toulouse, recall to mind the

France of ante-revolutionary times. Not a name has been changed. Substantial buildings occupy the sites of the rude constructions erected by the first settlers. Some are quite modern, but there are many still in this old French town that have withstood the elements for over one hundred years. The greater number belong to the descendants of the original settlers. What property has passed into other hands has been purchased principally by Frenchmen. Hence we hear only French spoken as we stroll down the streets, and, if we mingle with the inhabitants, we find their manners and customs very different from what we are accustomed to see in Anglo-Saxon homes, yet possessing a charm other than that of novelty. There is, or was, in the Creole, for I speak of forty years ago, a genial urbanity, a warm hospitality, which no stranger could resist. It was more than the conventional French politeness. The stranger was welcomed with open doors and open hearts; once admitted under the hospitable roof, he was looked upon as a friend, and treated with the familiar *abandon* of friendship. This custom was inherited; it dated from the early days, when the colonists, far from their beloved France, exiled, as it were, from the civilized world, hailed with delight the arrival of every new-comer, for it broke the monotony of colonial life, and brought them fresh tidings of the outer world. The stranger, to-day, may not meet with this ready hospitality, but it will not be because it has ceased to be a Creole characteristic.

The Spaniards who came during the Spanish rule settled principally below the lower boundary, in what is known as the Third District. Here we see Spanish names on the street corners: Casacalvo, Galvez, Miro, Spain, mark the second era in the city's history. On the other hand, the Americans, during the first half of the present century, built up the commercial section above Canal Street, whence all the enterprises that have helped to make New Orleans the great Southern mart were started. Still later, the agglomeration of German settlers farther up the river bank led to the creation of a Fourth District; so that, passing through certain streets, as one goes from one end of the city to the other, he may hear four different languages, and notice such striking differences in race characteristics, that he will almost fancy he has passed through four distinct cities. This anomaly has at least one advantage—the children of the present generation of Orleanians are born polyglots; they speak two or three languages ere they have learned to read.

We have seen that each successive wave of immigration settled round the old French town, leaving it undisturbed. So with the Creole population. The new elements were not homogeneous, and did not mingle with it. That the Creoles did not take very readily to speaking English when

they became American citizens is not at all surprising. Individuals coming to live in a foreign country must perforce learn the language of its people. Here the case was very different. The Louisianians—or the Creoles, since we have admitted the distinction—were a people—small, no doubt, but still a people—born to the soil, with a creed, a language, and manners and customs of their own, which they had inherited from one of the most civilized nations in the world. A minority in this American nation that had suddenly absorbed their nationality, they were, for many years, a majority in their own State, and, above all, in their own city. No pressure was brought to bear upon them, no sacrifice was asked of them, when they became Americans. What reason, what incentive, could they have to change their ways or their language? Time alone could teach them, first, the advantage, then, the absolute necessity, of their acquiring the English language.

Their origin made the task more difficult. Of all the Latin nations, none more than the French retain their identity in despite of surroundings, examples, or even compulsory measures. France has lost many colonies, which for more than a century have enjoyed peace and prosperity under British rule; in not one of them have the French manners and customs disappeared, or the French language been forgotten. Wherever the soil was once French, the characteristics that distinguish the Gaul have taken root, and they outlive even the memory of their origin, in cases where the scattering of the family and intermarriage with another race have confused the tradition. Where the original population was compact and numerous enough to retain its integrity amid new surroundings—and this was the case with Louisiana—the stranger might fancy himself in some French province, where nothing has changed in these hundred years, except the style of dress. The Canadians, to this day, while protesting their fidelity to the British crown, avow openly their love for France. They might be designated by the anomalous title of "French subjects of an English queen."

Here the Creoles of Louisiana differ widely from the Canadians. While they have retained the language and most of the customs of their French forefathers, they do not profess to love France any more than the descendants of the heroes of the American Revolution profess to love England. Their sympathy with the French does not go beyond that which arises from a common language. The reason of this difference is that Canada was conquered, but Louisiana was bought. The former regrets her misfortune; the latter remembers her shame. Notwithstanding the peculiarities of language, tastes, and habits, which have been accounted for, the

Louisianians are sincerely attached to the republic; even at that period, now remote, when their patriotism expressed itself in broken English, it could not have been questioned.

But we should not judge a people simply by characteristics so apparent that they strike the most unobserving visitor, who is amused or interested according to the bent of his mind. What is the true character of the Creole? He has his faults—what people are faultless?—due principally to those two great factors, race and climate. The inherited Gallic vivacity, overheated by a tropical sun, has endowed him with violent passions. He is quick to take offense and slow to forget that the law, not the individual, should avenge injuries. The *duello* was a favorite institution of his. It is infrequent now, and we should rejoice in its disuse, but we cannot help admitting that while the "Code of Honor" ruled in Louisiana we did not hear of those assassinations and street fights whose frequency in late years has justified the charge of lawlessness against a too high-spirited people. The Creole is just acquiring the American go-aheadativeness, for the want of which he has lost so much. This want was injurious to himself, not to others. He was always capable of wonderful activity and endurance; yet, in questions of interest, in the pursuit of the "almighty dollar," he was often distanced, for he was very apt to shrug his shoulders philosophically, and repeat the favorite old saw he learned from his fathers, "The game is not worth the candle." Even now he may not make great headway in the mad race for wealth. He is not lazy; he is an unambitious, easy-going, pleasure-loving creature, such as a tropical climate often produces.

Another cause has had much influence in developing his vices and qualities. Says a French writer, speaking of Athens: "The freeman, the citizen, fought, voted in the *Agora*, assisted in the tribunal, but would have considered it debasing to work with his hands. He had slaves do his work. These slaves attended to all household matters, and plied most of the trades, concurrently with a certain number of foreigners, who, protected by the laws of Athens, caused industry to prosper in the city on condition that they would not meddle with politics. . . . One is tempted to inquire whether this abominable institution of slavery was not closely allied to the existence of the ancient democracies, and if it was not, in the main, the basis of political equality between all the citizens? In ancient times no freeman depended for his living on another freeman. He received a salary from the republic only, and, his slave being his *thing*, he might well say that he needed nobody's help. . . . Some advantages, essential to a democracy, resulted from this state of things; the citizens, leaving all manual and debasing occupations to the slaves, were, in a measure, free to turn

their whole attention to public affairs; and the discussion in common of great subjects tended to elevate their minds to a loftier train of thoughts." These remarks might, in a degree, apply to the social condition of the Creoles of the last generation. Slavery was introduced into the colony at a time when negroes were not looked upon as human beings, but as a superior order of beasts of burden. It was retained, as a necessity, after the master had learned to recognize a fellow-creature in his slave. But the old colonists were not harsh masters. There is a familiar kindliness in the French character which invariably leads to reciprocal good-feeling between the superior and the inferior, and begets the confidence—often the devotion—of the latter. Witness the relations between the landlord and the peasants in the provinces, and those of officers and soldiers in the army. The slave felt his bondage less, perhaps, in Louisiana than in any other slave-holding State.

These remarks are not made in justification of "the institution;" they are a plain statement of the facts that have helped to make the Creole what he was and what he is. His abhorrence of manual labor and petty trade—which stood in his way even before slavery was destroyed—the false pride which made him a passive spectator of his own ruin, while strangers were growing rich round him, and supplanting him even in the public offices which he considered his by right, were due to the long habit of superiority and command in which he had grown—not to his incapacity. On the other hand, this freedom from petty cares permitted him to follow the bent of his inclination, which tended principally to the liberal arts and professions. Louisiana has her authors, her poets, and musicians, better known in France than at home. Charles Gayarré, the eminent historian and novelist, is, I believe, the only Creole writer whose name is familiar to the American public. The bench and bar of New Orleans were, admittedly, of a high standard; the Maurians, Mazureaus, Canonges, Bermudez's would have done honor to any country. The medical profession might be justly proud of a Lambert, a Chopin, a Landreaux, a Faget. Nor should we forget those old mercantile houses whose unblemished names may still be read in the old French town: the Forstalls, the Kernions, the Romans, D'Acquins—the list is long.

P. J. de Bourmay

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

A THANKSGIVING LEGEND

All day the hungry cattle roamed the bleak November hills,
The scattered grass-blades, sere and dry, crushed crisply to the tread,
The gushing springs, that leaped so oft to swell the eager rills
And clothe the fields with velvet garb, before the drought had fled
No corn lay nestling in the stack, no meal the closet bore,
The harvest shrunk beneath the blast of that fierce summer sky,
No hay the barren mows upheld, empty and bare the floor,
And now the dreary winter months were hastening all too nigh.

Pale Famine, gaunt and fever-marked, stared boldly through the pane,
And manly hearts, that owned no fear, before the secret dread
Like very cowards turned away, but turned away in vain;
One question spoke in every face—"Where shall we look for bread?"
The days still fly as they have fled, no succor meets the gaze;
The thirsty ground no answer gives, the barren air no sound;
The birds flit silent 'mid the groves, and in the forest maze
The savage beasts, by hunger tame, rove fearlessly around.

The gen'rous main yields scanty fare, though brave men struggle hard,
The very fish lie under ban, while children cry for food,
The sandy beach, whose fruitful breast with jealous care they guard,
Responds not to their pressing need, but sleeps in solitude.
Hearts strong in purpose and in hope, who ne'er have faltered yet,
Who ne'er have known unmanly fear, sink down in mute despair;
A foe upon the battle-field with worthy stroke were met,
But who with hunger shall contend, or want's grim forces dare?

Old Mother Earth, that gave them birth, and, with her lavish wealth,
Till now has answered all their toil, turns from their cry away;
While Famine, with her brood of woes, creeps on no more by stealth,
But boldly, in broad sunlight, stalks to seize her gasping prey.
The sea refuses to give up the store it holds in trust,
Nor yields in glad obedience now to man's—the master's—hand,
The air becomes his enemy, the earth it is but dust,
And still the straitest search reveals no help in all the land;

And man, who as a monarch stood, with proud, imperious will,
To claim the bounties Nature holds in her exhaustless breast,
Now pleads, in helpless impotence, his empty barns to fill,
But pleads in vain; the stubborn soil refuses his behest.
And must they perish, these frail ones? Call they in vain for aid?
Does God, the All-omnipotent, leave them to strive alone?
Has he, in his great heart of hearts, no way of safety made,
And will he not his wondrous power, in wondrous ways, make known?

All human help has vanished quite, the last hope almost fled,
While now, upon the bended knee, they seek their God in prayer,
Will he, who for them gave his Son and brought him from the dead,
Look coldly on their agony, and now refuse his care?
"O God, whose ear the fathers heard, hear thou the children's prayer!
Thou, at whose word earth's treasures lie, in whose right hand is power,
Look down in mercy on our woe, and in our blank despair,
Be thou our strong deliverer, our refuge in this hour.

"There is no help in human arm—we look alone to thee—
The mightiest are thy servants, all the weakest thou canst save;
In olden time thy people walked securely through the sea,
And in the furnace-flame thine arm the glad deliverance gave;
Thou leddest Israel as a flock—from heaven came angels' food—
And badest, from the flinty rock, the living waters leap.
Has thy strong arm its vigor lost? Is thine a changeful mood?
Are we not thine, and wilt thou not thine oft-made promise keep?"

The strong man bows in trusting faith—the woman bows in tears—
The children look in wonderment—they, also, look and pray.
Will he not visit their distress, and calm their many fears?
Will he not open now their path, and from the night bring day?
Look yonder—see that glittering speck far out upon the main!
And eager eyes are all aflame—up springs the bended knee!
The fiercely throbbing hearts are mute—the flashing eyeballs strain—
And yet, 'tis but a tiny star that dances on the sea.

And now it lifts upon the wave, now sinks again from sight;
It sparkles like a royal gem, then for an instant hides;
But swiftly flies before the breeze, a messenger of light,
And soon, the cry, "A sail! a sail! Blest be the hand that guides!"

Oh, joy, for that bright gleam of hope which yonder vessel bears,
The swift returning pulses beat with forceful life again ;
Impatient flows the blood of youth—age that impatience shares,
Both wait because they needs must wait, as parched earth waits for rain.

And now the strange bark nears the strand, the rushing cables hiss,
The pond'rous anchor plunges sheer, and grasps the ground below ;
Hand meets with hand in manly clasp—the tear greets many a kiss—
For each, though ne'er before they met, finds none a stranger now.
The tale is ended—throbbing breasts resume their even flow ;
Hunger and want give place to cheer, at the replenished store ;
The future drops its heavy frown, and, with refulgent glow,
Flies open, like the gate of heaven, and with new hope runs o'er.

Strong men lift up exultant song—wife, children, all unite,
To bless the gracious Providence, that failed them not at last.
“ Thanksgiving to the Lord of Hosts, the God of glorious might,
Whose strong right hand wrought safety from the dangers of the past !
Thanks to his name, who ne'er forgets the children of his love,
But in the hour of peril proves a firm and sure defense !
He came, and darkness fled apace, the skies shone bright above,
He bade the trembler courage take, and drove our terrors hence.

“ Thanksgiving for the mercies past, and for the future good ;
For, though he guides in unknown ways, the end is always sure !
Our Lord, the ever-faithful God, gives to the hungry food,
And never fails his children while his promises endure.
Praise, then, from joyous hearts, we bring to him on bended knee,
And thanks for that deliverance which he has wrought this day ;
And, year by year, glad hearts shall sing a welcome jubilee,
While children's children lift the strain, and grateful memory pay.”

Gilbert Nash .

THE "SWAMP ANGEL"

THE GUN USED IN FIRING ON CHARLESTON, 1863

The entrance to the harbor of the city of Charleston is formed by Sullivan's Island on the north and Morris Island on the south. Morris Island is a low sandy reef, about three and three-quarter miles long, and varies from twenty-five to one thousand yards in width. Its area is some four hundred acres. The outer end of the island, that nearest the bar, is separated from Folly Island, a sand reef of the same general character, by Light House Inlet. Across this stream at daybreak, July 10, 1863, the successful bombardment and assault of the Confederate batteries was made by the Tenth Army Corps, under Major-General Quincy A. Gillmore. This fight secured to the Union forces about three-fourths of Morris Island; a half mile from the inner end of the island Fort Wagner stretched from the sea-shore to Vincent's Creek, which with another sand fort, called Cummings' Point Battery, gave the Southern troops a foothold on the island. Let me remark in passing, that this last-mentioned battery is the one which fired upon the *Star of the West*, January 10, 1861, and all descriptions of the bombardment of Fort Sumter which followed that event, call it an iron-clad fort. During this campaign it was made simply of sand, more impregnable indeed than if covered with bars of railroad iron, or erected of the heaviest masonry. This point is exactly 6,616 yards, about three and three-quarter miles, from the wharves of Charleston. Morris Island is made up of sand ridges the highest thereof being twenty feet, while just in front of Fort Wagner they are but two feet, and in the spring the tide here breaks entirely across the reef. It is separated from James Island by deep and almost impassable marshes from one to three miles in width. Crooked and often very deep creeks or bayous traverse these marshes in every direction. Indeed Morris Island as well as the islands adjacent are but deposits of sand made by the sea and wind upon the surface of these salt marshes.

On the 16th day of July, 1863, General Gillmore directed Colonel Edward W. Serrell, First New York Engineers, now General Serrell, the distinguished civil engineer of New York City, and Lieutenant Peter S. Michie, United States Corps of Engineers, now Colonel Michie, a professor in the Military Academy at West Point, to examine these marshes to ascertain if a battery could be placed on our left front within range of the

- city of Charleston. For several days they continued their reconnoissance, accompanied by Lieutenant Nathan M. Edwards, of Colonel Serrell's regiment, and they reported its feasibility. Soundings were made in the marsh with an iron rod thirty feet long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter. They found the mud about twenty feet deep, the weight of the rod carrying it one-half the distance, and it was easily pushed the remainder of the way with one hand. The bottom of the marsh was apparently



GENERAL QUINCY A. GILLMORE.

sand, while the top was covered with wild grass and reeds some four feet high, but with such little root as to furnish no sustaining power whatever. Two men standing on a plank on the surface of the mud, and throwing their weight from side to side made waves of mud, vibrating like jelly, for many yards around. Several trials of the sustaining power of this mud were made. A platform was erected and loaded with sand-bags. It sustained about six hundred pounds to the square foot, but on increasing the weight to nine hundred pounds, the pile upset and most of the sand-bags

vanished in the mud. A man of one hundred and fifty pounds' weight sank in the marsh eighteen inches at every step, if he moved rapidly. A witty officer, when ordered to do some work in this swamp, sent in his requisition to Colonel Serrell, asking for a detail of "twenty men eighteen feet long for duty in fifteen feet of mud."

It was decided to locate the battery about half-way between Morris and James Islands, at a place in the marsh where a deep creek flowed in front and to the left side. It was just 7,000 yards to the lower end, and 7,410 yards, or nearly four and a quarter miles, to the heart of the city of Charleston. It was in easy range of Forts Hascall, Simkins and Cheves, and indeed of all the batteries on James Island. This made it necessary, of course, that the work should be done at night. An estimate of the labor required in the construction of the battery was made on the morning of the 2d of August, and the order was immediately issued



GENERAL EDWARD W. SERRELL.

for its erection. Large working parties commenced felling trees on Folly Island, and men were employed day and night making and filling sand-bags. A pile-driver could not be used had one been at hand. Two platforms were at first placed on the surface of the marsh. The log to be driven into the mud, sharpened at one end, was fastened crosswise to a long pole by taking a bight thereto with a rope. The short end of the pole was then attached to one of the platforms which had been loaded with sand-bags, and five men on the other platform pulling at a rope adjusted to the long end of the pole pressed the log down to the solid substratum of sand. As soon as enough piling to make sufficient standing room had thus been driven down in two places on opposite sides of the proposed battery the log was attached to the center of the pole, and then parties on each end thereof pressed the pile down as before.

Cheerfully, with great enthusiasm and very rapidly, the men worked, exposed every moment to shelling from the rebel batteries. When the foundation was thus constructed, cross-beams, or, to speak technically, a grillage of large yellow pine logs was bolted together strongly thereon. Thirteen thousand sand-bags, more than eight hundred tons in weight, were then carried by the soldiers from the Engineer camp, over a mile and a half distant, and a parapet, with a return or epaulement, constructed in form like one-half of a hexagon. A road two and a half miles long, made

of logs and sand-bags, was also built from this place to our left batteries in the approaches to Fort Wagner, and another around the left flank to the edge of the creek before alluded to. Over these roads the entire arma-



LIEUTENANT CHARLES SELLMER.

ment of the battery was carried. About this time, August 12, boats armed with naval bow-howitzers commenced to picket the streams leading to James Island and Charleston, and heavy log booms were fastened across the streams a little distance from the battery, to obstruct, if possible, the approach of the enemy from the harbor. A mock battery was also built

by the soldiers of boards and sand-bags, to draw the fire of the James Island batteries, and in this it was to some extent successful.

An eight-inch Parrott rifle-gun, 200-pounder, was, on the 17th of August, ordered by the commanding general to be mounted in the battery. This gun, I may add, is often confounded with the great 300-pounder which battered the walls of Fort Sumter. The gun erected in the swamp never fired at Fort Sumter, the ten-inch rifle, or 300-pounder, the only one of



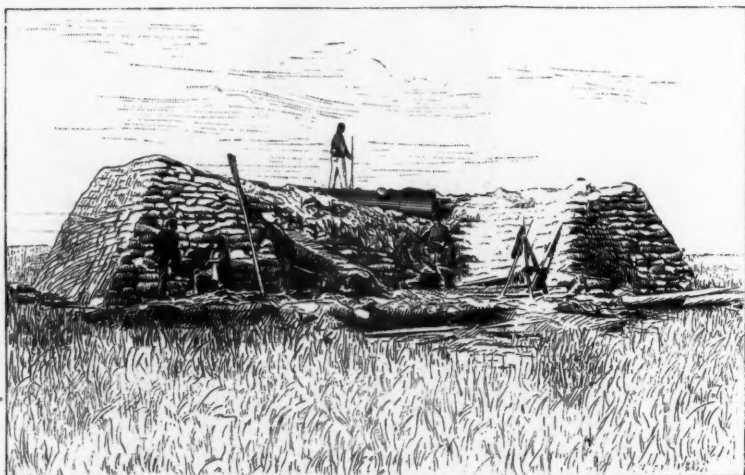
LIEUTENANT PETER S. MICHIE.

that calibre at this time in the department, never fired into Charleston. The latter gun was in position at Fort Strong, on our left batteries, and the muzzle was blown off by the premature explosion of a shell. It threw nineteen thousand pounds of metal at the gorge wall of Fort Sumter. The gun in the marsh was manned by a detachment of the Eleventh Regiment Maine Volunteers, Lieutenant Charles Sellmer commanding, who is now a first lieutenant of the Third United States Artillery.

On all official papers it is spoken of as the "Marsh Battery," but the

soldiers called it the "Swamp Angel," and I have also heard it referred to by them as the "Marsh Croaker" and the "Mud Lark."

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 21st of August a communication was sent by General Gillmore to General Beauregard, commanding the Confederate forces at Charleston, demanding the surrender of Fort Wagner, and assuring him that unless it was done the city would be bombarded from batteries "established within easy and effective range of the heart of the city." Of course General Beauregard laughed at General Gillmore's presumption, and took no heed thereto. That night the order of General



THE BATTERY IN THE SWAMP AFTER THE BURSTING OF THE GUN.

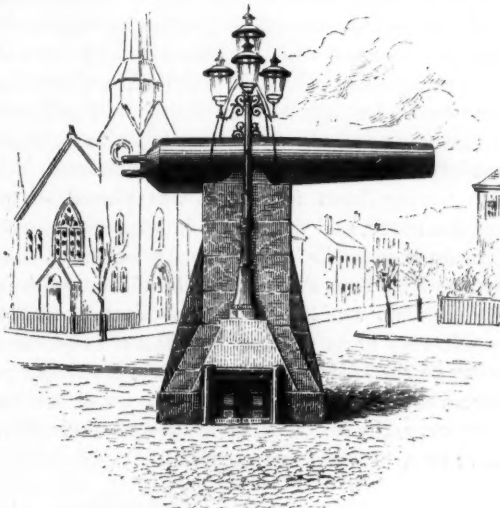
Gillmore reached Lieutenant Sellmer, and the "Swamp Angel" was ranged for the steeple of St. Michael's Church, in Charleston. Heavy woods on James Island, near Fort Simkins, hid the city from the view of the men in the Marsh Battery. An elevation of $31^{\circ} 30'$ was given the gun, sixteen pounds of powder was the charge, and one hundred and fifty pounds the weight of the projectile. At half-past one on the morning of the 22d the firing commenced.

" . . . Through the air, with a rush and a yell,
With a screech and a roar went the howling shell,"

and the fiery missile was pitched over the James Island batteries, the harbor, and into the city. As we lay on the sand hillocks watching its flight,

it seemed to go up among the very stars, and its burning fuse lit up its track as it descended on its course of destruction. The ringing of fire-bells, the screaming of whistles from tug-boats in the harbor, told us truly that it had reached the city. Fifteen shells, at this time, were fired, and the Charleston dispatches of that day to the department at Richmond reported "twelve shell as having fallen into the city." Just at daybreak General Beauregard sent a message to General Gillmore, telling him that his firing "with the most destructive missiles used in war upon a city filled with sleeping women and children, would give him a bad eminence in history." General Gillmore replied very briefly, and on Sunday night twenty more shell were fired into the city. All the batteries which could obtain that night the range of the "Swamp Angel," commenced a furious cannonade. But still our shell kept flying in the midst of their iron hail-storm. It was a wild night, and the whole army corps watched and listened for each report from the gallant little party in the marsh. On the thirty-sixth discharge the entire breach, just behind the vent, blew out, and the gun was thrown forward on the parapet. The band which always encases the first re-enforce of Parrott guns, was split, and became entirely separated from the piece.

The Parrott projectiles were the only kind ever used in this gun. Some were called incendiary, and contained port-fire mixed with the explosive material. Some of the shell also contained "Short's Solidified Greek Fire," and some were filled with powder alone. The Greek Fire was encased in tin tubes three inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter, closed at one end. These tubes were placed in the shell and the interstices filled with powder. As near as I have been able to ascertain, ten



THE GUN ON THE MONUMENT IN TRENTON.

[From a Photograph.]

of the fifteen shots fired the first night contained each some twenty pieces of this Greek Fire.

After the bursting of the eight-inch rifle, no more guns were placed in the Marsh Battery until after the surrender of Fort Wagner, September 7, 1863. Afterward two ten-inch sea-coast mortars were placed there for the purpose of drawing the fire of the James Island batteries whenever the navy made any attack on Forts Sumter or Moultrie.

Immediately on the surrender of Cumming's Point, General Gillmore had guns mounted thereon, calling it Fort Gregg. There is a record of one of these guns on Fort Gregg, a thirty-pound Parrott rifle, which threw more than four thousand six hundred shell, four thousand two hundred and fifty-three of which were seen to fall into the city.

The steeple of Saint Michael's Church in Charleston was not struck by the shells, but the church itself received some injury. The first gun mounted on the Marsh Battery in its broken condition was sent with other condemned metal after the war to Trenton, New Jersey, to be melted up, but having been identified was placed on an appropriately inscribed granite block, and was erected as a monument on the corner of Perry and Clinton streets, in Trenton. An accurate drawing of the fractured gun will be found on Plate XXXIII of General Gillmore's exhaustive work on the *Engineer and Artillery Operations Against Charleston*, edition 1865.

No very great military results were ever expected from the erection and firing of the "Swamp Angel." As a difficult problem in engineering, as a severe testing of heavy guns, as a novel method of damaging an enemy's city, over the heads of its army and their fortifications—the result, as we have seen, was highly successful.

William L. Stryker

MISUNDERSTANDINGS

HALLECK AND GRANT

Grant opened his Shiloh article in the *Century Magazine* (February, 1885) with the statement that he had been unjustly treated by Halleck after the capture of Fort Donelson; and his *Personal Memoirs* contain the same charge, and, in addition, are laden with adverse criticism of Halleck. The leading article in the *North American Review* for December, 1885, by Colonel F. D. Grant, is entitled "Halleck's Injustice to Grant;" and for weeks after its appearance large posters were displayed from the news-stands in New York City, bearing, in conspicuous type, the words "*Grant Vindicated from Halleck's Slanders*;" by Colonel F. D. Grant."

It is proper to state that Colonel Grant disclaims responsibility for the heading of his article, and while he presents official documents which suggest, but do not prove injustice, he merely disseminates, without comment, his father's sentiments concerning Halleck; and though he speaks of having taken the documents from his father's files, they are to be found in their proper places in the *Records of the Rebellion*.

Grant and Halleck are dead. Though not equally successful, they were equally earnest and patriotic, and both deserved well of their country. Halleck's lot was disappointment and premature death.* Fair-play demands that all questions of justice between him and Grant be treated according to their merits, apart from the comparative military ability, eminence, and popularity of the two great men.

Without going into tedious details, it may be assumed that the charge of injustice has one main and four subordinate specifications. The first is, that after the capture of Fort Donelson, February 16, 1862, Halleck sought to promote C. F. Smith to a major-generalcy over Grant, and thus give Smith the honors of the victory.†

This is the one specification of real substance to prove Halleck's injustice to Grant. *Halleck is not guilty of it.* All three of the authorities just cited, General and Colonel Grant and General Badeau, have failed to present one essential telegram upon the subject. They set forth the fact that on the 19th of February, 1862, Halleck telegraphed McClellan: "Brigadier-Gen-

* Halleck died January 9, 1872, aged 57.

† *Personal Memoirs*, vol. i., p. 328; *North American Review*, December, 1885, p. 522; Badeau's *Military History of General Grant*, vol. i., p. 54.

eral Charles F. Smith by his coolness and bravery at Fort Donelson, when the battle was against us, turned the tide and carried the enemy's works. Make him a major-general. You can't get a better one. Honor him for this victory and the whole country will applaud;" and leave it to be understood that by this telegram Smith was recommended instead of Grant, and to the neglect and prejudice of Grant. The truth is that Halleck by telegraph recommended Grant for a major-generalcy on the 17th of February, two days before he recommended Smith. This dispatch (vol. vii., p. 628, *Records of the Rebellion*) is plainly of record. It reads: "Make Buell, Grant and Pope major-generals of volunteers, and give me command in the West. I ask this in return for Forts Henry and Donelson." Grant's name was promptly sent to the Senate, and the fact was announced in the newspapers of the 18th. It is not necessary to quote more than one. The New York daily *Tribune* of February 18, 1862, announced Grant's nomination with the heading, "Honor to the brave!" and its Washington correspondent on the same day wrote: "the Senate in executive session to-day unanimously confirmed Grant as major-general." Halleck recommended Grant by telegraph on the 17th; the President's nomination of Grant was announced in the morning papers of the 18th. Halleck would naturally be watching for the announcement, and it is safe and fair to say he knew of the nomination on the 18th—certainly by the morning of the 19th, the day on which he recommended Smith. But be that as it may, he recommended Grant, and Grant was nominated and confirmed before Smith was recommended; which is conclusive as to what Halleck sought to do.

Badeau, ignoring Halleck's prior recommendation of Grant, and assuming that Halleck designed to honor Smith at Grant's expense, says, vol. i., p. 54: "Neither did the government agree with Halleck that Smith should receive the honors of this victory. The Secretary of War at once recommended Grant for a major-general of volunteers, and the President nominated him the same day." This version of the transaction given in Badeau's book, published in 1867, is misleading, and is unjust to Halleck. Though the foregoing statement is not specified by Grant as one of the "facts" relating to Donelson which Grant says in his *Memoirs*, p. 328, "General Badeau unearthed," it is probable that he accepted it as a fact, and died in the belief that Halleck tried to give Smith the honor and reward for Donelson. As the minor or incidental matters of this supposed grievance have been presented formally, they must be considered.

The first of them is that failing to get Smith promoted to rank Grant, Halleck, nevertheless, gave Smith command of an expedition up the Ten-

nessee early in March, 1862, and left Grant at Fort Henry, as Grant states it, "Virtually in arrest and without a command."*

On the 15th of February, 1862, Halleck gave Grant command of the "District of West Tennessee," "limits undefined." He sent a telegram on the 1st of March, directing Grant to move his column up the Tennessee River to destroy railroad bridges. Halleck did not designate the commanders for the sub-columns into which the expedition was to be divided for the work to be done. He merely said: "General C. F. Smith, or some very discreet officer, should be selected for such commands;" and "that competent officers should be left to command the garrisons of Fort Henry and Donelson in your absence." He intended Grant to go with the expedition. But soon after Halleck made the order for the movement, he heard—as he reported to McClellan on the 3d of March—that Grant had left his command and gone to Nashville without authority, that great disorders in the army had occurred during Grant's absence; and coupling these accounts with his failure to get reports and returns from Grant, and with a rumor that reached him on the 4th—published as one of the telegrams in Colonel Grant's article—that Grant had "resumed his former bad habits," Halleck on the 4th telegraphed Grant, "You will place Major-General C. F. Smith in command of expedition, and remain yourself at Fort Henry," In speaking of this affair in the winter of 1885, Grant said that Halleck left him at Fort Henry "in arrest." I remarked that I thought he was in error about the arrest, but he adhered to his assertion. His Shiloh article for the *Century Magazine* had then been written but not published. When it appeared, it contained the statement that he was "virtually in arrest." That statement is repeated in the *Personal Memoirs*, and is strengthened by the addition that he was "without a command."

The facts upon this point are, that McClellan, in a dispatch of March 3d, authorized Halleck to arrest Grant, but Halleck answered on the 4th that he did not "deem it advisable." There was no order of arrest, no report or return indicating arrest; and no restriction of Grant's authority. The telegram directing him to remain at Fort Henry, was the only order in the case. Grant's authority over the entire District of West Tennessee, including the expeditionary force under C. F. Smith, was uninterrupted and unlimited. No one has ever pretended to show any order or instruction to the contrary. The *Records* abound in proofs that Grant was continuously on duty and in full command of his district and troops. On the 5th of March he issued formal orders for Smith to take command of the expedition, and gave him instructions for conducting it, saying, "I will

* *Personal Memoirs*, vol. i., pp. 327-8; *Century Magazine*, February, 1885, p. 594.

remain at Fort Henry and throw forward all the troops that can be provided with transportation." On the 6th he reported to Halleck, "all transports here will be loaded and off to-day, if the gunboats arrive to convoy them. One gunboat has gone to Savannah. The transports here will not take all the troops in readiness to move. Your instructions contemplated my commanding expedition in person. Dispatch yesterday changed it." On the same day he reported to Halleck: "Union City is said to be garrisoned by rebels. I will keep a lookout to prevent a surprise from that direction while the garrison is weak here." On the 7th he wrote to "General S. A. Hurlbut, commanding fourth division: "Embark your forces on the transports now awaiting you as rapidly as possible." . . . Signed "U. S. Grant, *Major-General, Commanding*." On the same day and over the same signature he issued an equally peremptory order to "Colonel R. I. Oglesby, commanding U. S. forces, *Fort Donelson, Tenn.*" On the 9th, he telegraphed Halleck, "I will do all in my power to advance the expedition now started . . . I renew my application *to be relieved from further duty*." Showing that he was on duty. On the 9th he made to Halleck a statement of the forces in the district: those composing the expedition, 25,206; those at Fort Henry awaiting transportation, 5,740; those at Clarksville, 1,173; those at Fort Donelson, 2,328. On the 10th he telegraphed Halleck, "Third Iowa Infantry just arrived. Effective strength, 676; ordered to join General Smith. Advance of expedition started last evening;" and also on the 10th to Halleck, "To-morrow is the day when all persons of proper age are to be enrolled in this State in the rebel army. Troops are now in Paris to enforce the orders of Governor Harris. I am concentrating the small force under my command on the west bank of the river, to defeat their object as far as lays in my power." On the 11th, he wrote as follows: "General C. F. Smith, commanding expedition to Upper Tennessee. Send back steamers as rapidly as possible to enable us to forward troops . . . U. S. Grant, *Major-General, Commanding*;" and on the same day, 11th, he telegraphed Halleck, "I shall run down to Paducah to-night." These dispatches and others of like import, showing Grant to have been constantly on duty, are in *Records of Rebellion*, vol. x., part ii., pp. 3 to 29. They prove that he was not in arrest of any sort, that he was not without a command, and that he was exercising command loyally and efficiently over his entire district, including the forces under immediate control of C. F. Smith.

It is true, that Grant's detention on duty at Fort Henry grew out of Halleck's disapprobation. The detention itself, however, would not have been a grievance if it had not been based upon special causes. Halleck

had required Sherman, who was Grant's superior officer, to remain a few miles in the rear and push forward men and munitions to enable Grant to capture Forts Henry and Donelson, but Sherman did not complain that he was virtually in arrest or without a command. The order for Grant to remain at Fort Henry was, in fact, of no practical disadvantage to him. It was made on the 4th of March. On the 9th, only five days afterward, and before anything of importance had been done up the Tennessee, Halleck terminated the effect of the order by telegraphing to Grant to be ready to take the advance (vol. x., part ii., p. 27, *Rec. Reb.*).

This notification was given on the very day that the advance of the expedition, as reported by Grant, started from Fort Henry; so that, practically, Grant was not left behind at all. The notification was repeated on the 11th, and again on the 13th, Halleck saying upon the latter date, "I wish you, *as soon as your new army is in the field*, to assume the *immediate* command and lead it on to new victories." By directing Grant to assume *immediate* command, Halleck recognized that Grant had been continuously exercising *general* command. Under this authority, and fixing his own time for starting to the front, Grant proceeded up the Tennessee and reached Savannah on the 17th of March. Not having been relieved from command by arrest or otherwise, he issued no order assuming command on reaching Savannah, but continued in the exercise of the authority conferred by his assignment of February 15th, to command of the District of West Tennessee. As already stated, Grant's detention at Fort Henry, while his new army was getting ready for the field, was not in itself a grievance. But the next specification of Halleck's injustice to Grant rests upon the causes which led to the detention. Grant specifies as follows: "Halleck reported to Washington that he had repeatedly ordered me to give the strength of my force, but could get nothing out of me; that I had gone to Nashville beyond the limits of my command without his authority, and that my army was more demoralized by victory than the army at Bull Run had been by defeat." (*Personal Memoirs*, vol. i., p. 327.)

Halleck did not say that Grant's army was *more* demoralized—in fact, he did not say that it was demoralized at all. He said, "it *seems* to be *as much* demoralized by the victory of Fort Donelson as was that of the Potomac by the defeat of Bull Run." It is true that Halleck called upon Grant for reports and returns; and that he reported the failure to get them to McClellan, who, as well as Halleck, wanted the information. Some of Halleck's calls did not reach Grant, and some of Grant's reports did not reach Halleck. In a telegram to Halleck of March 24th, Grant says: "I have just learned to-day that your dispatches to me after the taking of Fort

Donelson, reached Fort Henry—some of them at least—but were never sent to me. What has become of the operator then at Fort Henry? I don't know." There was no explanation that covered the case of "Returns," for Grant did not make them. In telegram, March 9, he said to Halleck: "You had a better chance of knowing my strength whilst surrounding Fort Donelson than I had. Troops were reporting daily by your orders," etc.

As the general-in-chief was calling upon Halleck for information concerning Grant's force, there is no ground for serious complaint because Halleck reported his inability to get it from Grant. No one disputes that Grant went to Nashville without Halleck's authority. On the 25th of February he notified Cullum, Halleck's chief-of-staff, then at Cairo, that he would "go to Nashville immediately after the arrival of the next mail, should there be no orders to prevent it." It is not known when the next mail arrived; but Grant went to Nashville by boat, arriving there on 27th February. Hearing that he was in the city, Buell went to Grant's steamer to see him, and had an informal conversation with him. During the day Grant wrote a note of no special importance to Buell, and left in the evening. He claimed, and Halleck after investigation admitted, that the trip was made from a "desire to subserve the public interests;" and there is no purpose here to question the propriety of it, but it cannot be said, fairly, that it was unjust for Halleck to mention this trip to McClellan in explanation of failure to get reports and returns from Grant. In his *Memoirs* (vol. i., p. 326), Grant contradicts Halleck's assertion that Nashville was beyond the limit of Grant's command, saying, "that place was not beyond the limits of my command, which it had been expressly declared in orders were not defined." The limits of Grant's district were not defined, but Nashville was beyond the limits which Halleck had a right to go, and beyond the limits he could empower Grant to go. Furthermore, Nashville was in Buell's command and in his possession, and Buell, by the President's order, was independent of both Halleck and Grant. The exigencies of the occasion as Grant saw them, no doubt, required him to go to Nashville just as he did; but there was nothing in the fact of the limits of his district being undefined which brought Nashville, then belonging to the territory of, and actually occupied by an independent army, within the limits of Grant's district.

If Halleck did Grant any injustice in the causes which led to the latter's detention at Fort Henry, it was in saying that "Grant's army seems to be as much demoralized by the victory of Fort Donelson, as was that of the Potomac by the defeat of Bull Run." That, evidently, was not intended as a specific allegation. It was an ejaculatory expression of Halleck's dis-

pleasure at the irregularities of which he complained. The ground for it was that he could get "no reports, no returns," that Grant had "gone to Nashville without authority," and that serious disorders in his army had occurred during his absence. Halleck received, and on the 6th of March transmitted to Grant a copy of a letter addressed to Judge David Davis, then President of the Western Investigation Commission. The writer's name was not given, but Judge Davis vouched for him as "a man of integrity and perfectly reliable." The letter (vol. x., part ii., p. 13, *Rec. of Reb.*), charged various frauds and irregularities among officers and men after the capture of Fort Donelson. Grant had tried to correct the irregularities, and did not deny them; in fact, his orders go to prove them (*Rec. Reb.* vol. vii., pp. 599, 633, 650), and his letter to Halleck of March 18th, with characteristic frankness, distinctly admits some of them. He says: "I have found that there was much truth in the report that captured stores were carried off from Fort Henry, improperly;" and on the same day he issued a general order, saying: "A better state of discipline than has heretofore been maintained with much of this command is demanded, and will be enforced." (*Rec. Reb.*, vol. x., part ii., p. 47.) On the 24th of March he said in a telegram to Halleck, upon this subject: "I most fully appreciate your justness, general, in the part you have taken" (p. 63); and on the 28th of March he said, referring to another species of disorder in his army, to which Halleck had called his attention: "I acknowledge the justness of your rebuke in this respect, although I thought all proper measures had been taken to prevent such abuses, and will see that no such violation occurs in future;" adding, in the same dispatch, "the conduct of the Twenty-first Missouri, on the way up here, has been reported to me as infamous." These evidences of a bad condition of affairs in Grant's forces after Donelson are reproduced, not as a reflection upon Grant, but in justice to Halleck, as the explanation of his displeasure. There had not been time and opportunity for Grant to organize and discipline the raw levies hurriedly sent to him for that early campaign. But in the interest of the discipline which Halleck knew must be established as soon as possible, for the sake of what remained to be done, it was none the less his duty to rebuke disorders even in Grant's victorious forces. The War Department, in a letter of March 10, to Halleck, directed him to make a formal report, of what he had mentioned by telegraph, concerning Grant's absence at Nashville, and his failure to make returns, etc. Halleck investigated the subject, and as early as March 15, made a full report to Washington, saying, among other things: "General Grant has made the proper explanations. As he acted from a praiseworthy, although mistaken zeal for the

public service in going to Nashville and leaving his command, I respectfully recommend that no further notice be taken of it. There never has been any want of military subordination on the part of General Grant, and his failure to make returns of his forces has been explained as resulting partly from the failure of colonels of regiments to report to him on their arrival, and partly from an interruption of telegraphic communication. All of these irregularities have been remedied." (*Rec. Reb.*, vol. v., p. 683.) Before this report was made, Halleck had ordered Grant up the Tennessee. He promptly sent Grant a copy of the communication from which the foregoing extract is taken, and also a copy of the communication to which it is an answer. In a letter dated March 24, acknowledging these copies, Grant said: "I most fully appreciate your justness, general, in the part you have taken." Halleck, no doubt, felt that he had been generous. In that way the affair was closed. But after the war the case was re-opened by Badeau, in his *Military History of General Grant*, and more recently by both General and Colonel Grant.

Re-opening this case has given rise to what is treated in this article as Grant's third subordinate specification of Halleck's injustice. The complaint, as stated by Grant in his *Personal Memoirs*, is, that Halleck forwarded "a copy of a detailed dispatch from himself to Washington, entirely exonerating me; but he did not inform me that it was his own reports that had created all the trouble. I never knew the truth until General Badeau unearthed the facts in his researches for his history of my campaigns."

The complaint here is not based upon the contents of the dispatch, which Grant assumes "created all the trouble," but upon Halleck's omission to send Grant a copy of that dispatch; or, "its concealment from me when pretending to explain the action of his superiors," as Grant puts it. (*Personal Memoirs*, vol. i., p. 328.) It is by no means certain that Halleck's dispatch "created all the trouble;" but aside from that, the trouble having been ended, neither duty nor expediency required Halleck to re-open it. The wound was healed by the report of March 15, and Halleck knew that Grant's usefulness would probably be increased by keeping it healed. He is not chargeable with "concealment," because he did not tell Grant in 1862 all that passed then between Halleck and McClellan. That was not required either by army regulations or custom of service. If that charge were just it would lie against Grant as well as Halleck. After Grant gained confidence and power, he sent dispatches to Washington, speaking unfavorably of other generals; but he is not chargeable with wrongful concealment because he did not tell the subordinate what he had said to the superior. He did simply what he thought duty required. A brief ex-

planation of the dispatch which Grant says was concealed from him and unearthed by Badeau, is, however, necessary. It was from Halleck to McClellan, March 3, and reads as follows: "I have had no communication with General Grant for more than a week. He left his command without my authority and went to Nashville. His army seems to be as much demoralized by the victory of Fort Donelson as was that of the Potomac by the defeat of Bull Run. It is hard to censure a successful general immediately after a victory, but I think he richly deserves it. I can get no returns, no reports, no information of any kind from him. Satisfied with his victory, he sits down and enjoys it, without any regard to the future. I am worn out and tired with this neglect and inefficiency. C. F. Smith is almost the only officer equal to the emergency." Badeau says in his *History* (vol. i., p. 65), this telegram "was not left on file in the War Department, but was obtained by me after long research and repeated efforts."

But in an official report to the Secretary of War, from the War Records office, it is stated that "Halleck's telegram of March 3, 1862, to McClellan, was found in package No. 96, United States Military Telegraph Records, filed in *War Department*. The reply of McClellan bearing the approval of the Secretary of War was found in volume of 'Telegrams sent by Major-General McClellan and staff, March 1st to 10th, and September 1st to 16th, 1862, ib., vol. 3.' That 'volume was in *War Department files*. A copy of McClellan's reply was also found in package No. 96, referred to above.'" From this it seems that Halleck's telegram was on file in the War Department. The statement in Badeau's *History*, published in 1867, that this telegram was not left on file in the War Department, but was obtained by Badeau after long research and repeated efforts—was, in fact, "unearthed," as Grant expresses it in his *Memoirs*, implied that somebody had concealed it, and probably made upon Grant's mind and fastened there an impression unjust to Halleck. The injustice to Grant involved in this telegram of March 3, had been corrected by Halleck's full report of March 15, a copy of which had been sent to Grant. The foregoing quotation from the report of the War Records office, shows that no wrong was done to Grant through the concealment of the dispatch; shows, in fact, that there was no concealment. Here the details in refutation of Halleck's so-called injustice to Grant after the battle of Fort Donelson may be closed. But there are some general considerations which bear upon the subject. The campaign of Fort Donelson was made in February, 1862. Halleck was high in authority, being one of the three major-generals of the regular army. Grant, one of Halleck's many subordinates, was but a brigadier-general of volunteers. The operations on the Tennessee and Cumberland, the operations on

the Mississippi and the campaign in Missouri and Arkansas, under Curtis, were all directed by Halleck. Grant was merely the lieutenant in command of one of Halleck's columns. Halleck's reputation as well as Grant's was at stake, and he was necessarily anxious and exacting. As shown further on, Grant understood this, and as late as 1879 announced that he bore Halleck no ill-will on account of the action then taken. In February, 1862, the war was young, and high officers had to be taken on trust. Grant did not possess, nor had he then earned the confidence of the government. If Grant's ability and trustworthiness had had then the foundation of his later career, Halleck's anxiety and fault-finding would have been indefensible. But as matters stood at the time, his watchfulness of Grant, even his doubts and misgivings, were the natural outgrowth of attending facts and circumstances. Indeed, it is remarkable that Halleck should have been so little influenced by personal preference. Sherman and Halleck at that time were devoted friends, and Sherman as well as Grant was one of Halleck's subordinates. Yet Halleck gave Grant, the junior, command of the column on the Tennessee and Cumberland, because he was first identified with the service in that quarter, and held Sherman, the senior, a few miles down the river, while Grant reaped the glory and reward of capturing Forts Henry and Donelson. Sherman made no complaint of injustice. On the contrary, as Badeau says, he wrote Grant February 13: "I will do everything in my power to hurry forward your re-enforcements and supplies; and if I could be of service myself, would gladly come without making any question of rank with you or General Smith."

The last subordinate specification of injustice is, as Grant states it, that a few days after the battle of Shiloh, "General Halleck moved his headquarters to Pittsburg Landing, and assumed command of the troops in the field. Although next to him in rank, and nominally in command of my old district and army, I was ignored as much as if I had been at the most distant point of territory within my jurisdiction." (*Personal Memoirs*, vol. i., p. 370; *Century Magazine*, February, 1885, p. 594.)

This may show bad judgment on Halleck's part, but the facts do not prove injustice. After the battle of Shiloh, Halleck formed his army into the left wing under Pope; the centre, under Buell; the right wing under George H. Thomas, and the reserve under McClelland. Grant, still in command of the army of the Tennessee and the district of West Tennessee, was in addition assigned as second in command, a position without defined duties or specific authority. Nominally, the new arrangement was an honor to Grant—practically it restricted his powers. The Donelson shadow that had been partly cleared away, had reappeared after Shiloh

and hung heavily over Grant. It did not vanish until he captured Vicksburg in July, 1863.

The opinion which Halleck held of Grant's army *a week after the battle of Shiloh* is shown by the following, dated,

"Pittsburg Landing, April 14, 1862.

"To Major-General U. S. Grant, commanding district and army in the field. Immediate and active measures must be taken to put your command in condition to resist another attack. Fractions of batteries will be united temporarily under competent officers, supplied with ammunition, and placed in position for service. Divisions and brigades should, where necessary, be reorganized and put in position, and all stragglers restored to their companies and regiments. Your army is not now in condition to resist an attack. It must be made so without delay. Staff officers must be sent to obtain returns from division commanders, and assist in supplying all deficiencies. H. W. HALLECK, Major-General."

At that time there was a deep and widespread sentiment adverse to Grant. On the 23d of April the Secretary of War telegraphed Halleck: "The President desires to know . . . whether any neglect or misconduct of General Grant or any other officer contributed to the sad casualties that befell our forces on Sunday." This telegram was not due to anything Halleck had reported about Shiloh. He replied: "The sad casualties of Sunday 6th were due in part to the bad conduct of officers who were utterly unfit for their places, and in part to the numbers and bravery of the enemy. I prefer to express no opinion in regard to the misconduct of individuals till I receive the reports of commanders of divisions."

That there was more complaint of Grant than appears in detail in the *Records*, is indicated by Halleck's letter of May 12, 1862, in which he says to Grant: "You certainly will not suspect me of any intention to injure your feelings or reputation, or to do you injustice. . . . For the last three months I have done everything in my power to ward off the attacks which were made upon you."

Fortunately for the country and for Grant, he had the inherent strength to bear his burden, and to remove adverse feeling by his great deeds. Much of the dissatisfaction with Grant after Shiloh arose from the reported surprise of his army on the 6th. Halleck, in that matter, took his lieutenant's part, and boldly denied the surprise, saying in a telegram of May 2, to Stanton: "The newspaper accounts that our divisions were surprised are utterly false;" adding in his formal report of June 15, 1862, "the impression which at one time seemed to have been received by the Department that our forces were surprised on the morning of the 6th, is entirely

erroneous." Time seems to have proved the futility of all denials of surprise, but Halleck's denial was none the less a friendly and a timely service to Grant.

The official records, informal evidence, and Grant's *Personal Memoirs*, vol. i., show that bad feeling did not exist between Grant and Halleck at the close of the war. Grant probably felt during the contest that Halleck, though he had sometimes found fault, had been friendly and just to him. On the 11th of August, 1863, more than a year after what he presents in his *Memoirs* as the Shiloh injustice, Grant said to Halleck in a letter written with his own hand, "I feel under many obligations to you, general, for the interest you have ever taken in my welfare, and that of the army I have the honor to command. I will do the best I can to satisfy you that your confidence has not been misplaced."

In a letter to a distinguished general written on the 16th of February, 1864, Halleck said: "You have probably seen the attempt in the newspapers to create difficulties and jealousies between me and Grant. This is all for political effect. There is not the slightest ground for any such assertions. There cannot, and will not, be any differences between us. If he is made lieutenant-general, as I presume he will be, I shall most cordially welcome him to the command, glad to be relieved from so thankless and disagreeable a position. I took it against my will, and shall be most happy to leave it as soon as another is designated to fill it."

In a letter dated July 16, 1864, to the same officer, Halleck said, speaking of Grant, who had then been put over Halleck's head: "While the general himself is free from petty jealousies, he has men about him who would gladly make difficulties between us. I know that they have tried it several times, but I do not think they will succeed."

Immediately after Lee's surrender Grant went to Washington, and Halleck from Washington to Richmond for duty. On the 17th of May, 1865, Secretary Stanton telegraphed to Halleck: "General Grant is here with his wife. It is not safe for him to be at the hotel, and he is reluctant to go into a private family. He would go into your house for a while if agreeable to you. Will you write him to do so while your family are absent?" Halleck at once telegraphed Grant, "There are two servants and most of the furniture and bedding in the house I occupied in Georgetown. I suggest that while your wife is with you, you move right in and make yourself comfortable. My family will not again occupy it, and I do not require the furniture here, at least for the present. During the hot weather you can make yourself much more comfortable there than in Washington." Grant promptly accepted this friendly offer, telegraphing

Halleck, "Your very kind dispatch, placing your house at Mrs. Grant's disposal during her stay, is received. I have not seen Mrs. Grant, but I know that she will be delighted to get out of the hotel for the few weeks she remains here." Halleck's house was occupied by General and Mrs. Grant. This offer and acceptance of hospitality was supplemented by the following expressions of friendliness and courtesy. Telegram from Grant to Halleck, May 26: "I understand that Mrs. Halleck is expected in Washington. If you will let me know when to expect her, I will be glad to meet her at the wharf with a carriage, and have Mrs. Grant entertain her during her stay in this city." Halleck to Grant, May 27: "Mrs. Halleck will not visit Washington till she goes north for the summer. The house will therefore remain entirely at your disposal."

The foregoing communications show that Grant entertained feelings of friendship and respect for Halleck at the close of the war. And there are favorable expressions from him of a much later date. John Russell Young, in his book *Around the World with General Grant* (1879), quotes Grant thus: "In the early part of the war Halleck did very good service for which he has never received sufficient credit—I mean in his civic administration. Some of his orders were in anticipation, I think, of those of Butler, which gave him so much fame in New Orleans" (p. 465, vol. ii.), . . . "he was in addition a very able military man. Halleck had intellect and great acquirements outside of his military education. He was at the head of the California bar when the war broke out, and his appointment to the major-generalcy was a gratification to all who knew the old army. When I was made lieutenant-general, General Halleck became chief-of-staff to the army. He was very useful, and was loyal and industrious; sincerely anxious for the success of the country, and without any feeling of soreness at being superseded. In this respect Halleck was a contrast to other officers of equal ability, who felt that unless they had the command they craved they were not needed. Halleck's immense knowledge of military science was of great use in the War Office to those of us in the field" (p. 216, vol. ii.). . . . "After Donelson I was in disgrace, and practically without a command, because of some misunderstanding on the part of Halleck. *It all came right in time.* I never bore Halleck ill-will for it. He was in command, and it was his duty to command as he pleased" (p. 452, vol. ii.). Grant's unkind feeling toward Halleck appears to have been engendered quite recently, and was due probably to misunderstanding of the facts arising from Grant's inability to search the *Records* thoroughly for himself.

NEW YORK CITY, December 15, 1885.

James B. Fry

FROM CEDAR MOUNTAIN TO CHANTILLY*

IV

GROVETON, SECOND DAY—CHANTILLY

The forenoon of Saturday, August 30, passed quietly. The weather was fair and warm. Our army occupied most of the advanced ground which it had gained the day before, except on the left, where Hatch had been driven back. Even there the enemy had retired from our front.

For two days our troops had been almost destitute of food, and our cavalry and artillery horses of forage. No re-enforcements had come forward. General Fitz John Porter, impelled by the peremptory command of the preceding evening, brought his corps upon the field, but not the whole of it. Griffin's Brigade of Morell's Division went off to Centreville, and took no part whatever in Saturday's battle. The strong, fresh, and well-equipped army corps of Franklin and Sumner came as far as Centreville during the day, but approached no nearer. Had the entire Army of the Potomac been brought forward, the Battle of Antietam might have been fought on this day and this ground, as it should have been.

General Lee's army had all arrived upon the field, except Anderson's Division, which was near at hand. Generals Pope, McDowell, and Heintzelman fell into the delusion that the enemy was retreating. Jackson had quitted some of his positions on the left, and Hood had disappeared from the front of Hatch's Division. Prisoners taken from us on the 29th, and afterwards paroled and allowed to return to our lines, declared that the enemy was quitting the field. Misled by all this, Pope assigned to McDowell "the command of the pursuit." Porter's corps was directed to push forward on the turnpike, followed by the divisions of Hatch and Reynolds. Ricketts was to lead off on the Haymarket Road, followed by Heintzelman. These orders were issued at noon. Sigel and Reno, not mentioned in the written instructions, were to remain in reserve.

As to whether the enemy was retreating or not, or what his plans were, Sigel was not sure. He therefore, as usual, undertook to investigate the matter for himself, and sent out a cavalry reconnaissance to our extreme left, with instructions to explore the country in that direction. Lieutenant-

* Copyright by Alfred E. Lee.

Colonel Nazer, with the Fourth New York Cavalry, was selected for this purpose, and set out about noon. At the same time Sigel sent a regiment of Schenck's Division to the left of our position to observe the enemy's movements.

In the course of an hour Nazer reported to Sigel—and also to Buford, whom he passed on the extreme left—that the enemy, with cavalry, infantry, and artillery, was *advancing against our left*. This information Sigel communicated at once to General Pope.* Meanwhile General Ricketts, on the right, sent word that he had been feeling the enemy's lines, and that, so far from being able to advance, he was by no means sure that he could hold the ground he then occupied. The illusion of Confederate retreat was completely dissipated. Jackson still clung to his railroad embankment, clear down to the turnpike, and on the heights at his right eight Confederate batteries had been posted, under Stephen D. Lee. Farther to the right Longstreet's Corps was massed in the woods. While Pope was moving the bulk of his forces north of the pike against Lee's center and left, Lee was preparing a grand assault upon Pope's weakened left flank, south of the pike.

The position of our army, though not especially strong, was a favorable one. With the center advanced and the flanks retired, our formation resembled somewhat that with which the Army of the Potomac afterwards fought at Gettysburg. We held the interior lines, which was extremely fortunate, as the sequel proved. Our center and most advanced front lay on the turnpike, south of which the ground was high and commanding. Two hills, known as the Henry House Hill and the Chinn House or Bald Hill, were the Round Top and Cemetery Hill of this battle. North of these hills, and close by them, the turnpike passed through a deep valley. The Sudley Springs Road lay between them. As positions of defense against the assault about to be made on our left they were invaluable.

Up to 4 o'clock P.M. hostilities were limited to skirmishing, maneuvering, and artillery dueling. Heavy blue masses of the National troops moved in fine array into the open ground to the right of the turnpike, and there rested. These were the army corps of Reno and Fitz John Porter, and Hatch's Division of McDowell's Corps. Reno was in reserve, and Porter and Hatch were waiting the signal to advance. Sigel's Corps lay behind

* The correspondent of the *New York Tribune* wrote from Centreville, August 31: "I was at General Sigel's headquarters. That general was certain the enemy intended to turn one or the other of our flanks, and said we must ascertain which, or the result was, at best, doubtful, for his scouts had just reported that Lee, with the entire remainder of the rebel army, had come up, and assumed command. 'The scouts were correct,' etc."

Dogan's farm, to the right of the turnpike. Banks' Corps was yet guarding the trains and stores south of Manassas.

Seeing Porter's Corps coming between himself and the enemy, and not comprehending that movement, Sigel sought an explanation. He continued to receive reports from his scouts that the enemy was moving against our left, and it occurred to him that we ought to anticipate and thwart that movement by an attack from our right. He therefore proposed to Porter (who asked him for information about the ground) to shift his (Porter's) corps farther to the right, so as to unite with Ricketts and Heintzelman in falling upon the enemy's left flank and rear. This producing no change in Porter's dispositions, Sigel went to Pope with the same suggestions, and urged further that Porter's attack in the center would encounter the enemy in his strongest position, with his artillery massed on commanding ground; and that we ought not to attack from the center, but from the right or left. Pope replied impatiently:

"You never understand me; I do not wish to *turn* the enemy's left, I wish to *break* it."

Sigel replied that Porter's attack would not strike the left, but the center of the enemy's lines, where he was strongest. This remark of Sigel's was based upon his experience of the day before, and upon the fact, gathered from his scouts, that Longstreet had crowned the hills in rear of Jackson's right with batteries. But all this seemed to make no impression upon General Pope. Sigel therefore inquired what he should do with his own corps.

"I shall command it myself," replied Pope.

"This," says Sigel, "was the last I heard or saw of Pope until the battle of that day was over, except that I received from him an order to send a brigade to the Bald Hill."

Porter's Corps rested, at this time, in front of the Dogan house. Morell's Division—two brigades*—held its advance, and to the left and rear of Morell, and fronting the village of Groveton, Sykes' Division was drawn up as a reserve. To his rear, behind the Dogan farm, Sykes stationed as his own reserve his smallest brigade, comprising two regiments and two batteries, under General G. K. Warren.

Reynolds' Division, covering the Bald Hill, held Pope's left, and, about 4 o'clock, took the first step in the general advance. Moving into the thick woods in his front, Reynolds encountered vigorous resistance, and soon discovered that the enemy was massing his forces to turn our left.

* Griffin's Brigade had gone to Centreville, as already noted.

He reported this back to McDowell, who directed him to retire at once to the Henry House Hill.

To connect his line with that of General Reynolds, Sigel had already sent the Fifty-fifth Ohio and a battery to the Bald Hill. He now, by Pope's direction, sent a brigade (McLean's) to occupy and hold that position.

About the same time that Reynolds began his advance above-mentioned, Porter and Hatch moved to the attack. Porter attacked only with Morell's Division, which was led by General Butterfield, Morell having gone to Centerville with Griffin's Brigade. Directly a request came from Porter to McDowell to "push Sigel forward." Thereupon Sigel advanced Schenk's Division to the Dogan farm, and soon afterwards Schurz took a position behind Schenk, with Schimmelpfennig's Brigade on the right, Koltes' on the left,* and Krzyzanowski's in reserve. Dilger's Battery was posted on the crest of a hill to the right, not far from Dogan's. The enemy's batteries had by this time become very active, and the First Corps, though not engaged, suffered severely from their fire. A battery placed upon the high ground quitted by Reynolds enfiladed Schurz's brigades, and was particularly annoying—"opened a most disagreeable fire," as Schurz states it. Captain Dilger therefore shifted his guns farther to the left, and gave to the obnoxious battery his special attention.

Simultaneously with Butterfield, Hatch pushed forward, with his division drawn up in seven lines, and soon Jackson became so hotly engaged as to feel obliged to call for re-enforcements, thereby retarding Longstreet's intended movement, already mentioned, against our left. In the face of a heavy fire of musketry and artillery our assaulting columns dashed forward once more to the railroad embankment, but this time they did not pass that obstacle. Hooker, on the right of Hatch, entered the woods and drove the enemy a short distance, but that seems to have been all that was accomplished by Heintzelman's Corps. Along Hatch's front the struggle was obstinate and bloody. General Hatch was severely wounded, the troops on his right made no headway, and those on his left were repulsed. Butterfield's regiments recoiled under the concentrated fire of Stephen D. Lee's batteries, coupled with heavy volleys of musketry. Hatch's Division was obliged to withdraw, and Butterfield's troops, falling back in disorder, passed to the rear through Sigel's lines.

Pursuing Butterfield, the enemy rolled heavily upon Warren's Brigade, which had moved up to occupy part of the ground vacated by Reynolds. McLean's Brigade and Stahel's also soon became hotly engaged. At this

* Koltes' Brigade and Dilger's Battery had that morning been attached to Schurz's Division.

critical moment Reynolds' Division (except one brigade—Anderson's) was ordered to quit the high ground which it occupied, and march to the rear of Porter's Corps as a support to Butterfield's routed division. This was alike unnecessary and unfortunate. The elevated positions occupied by Reynolds were the key-points of the whole field, and they were no sooner quitted than the battle rolled to the left, developing the enemy's real plan of attack. Warren's little brigade was crushed, and a battery of four guns was lost. Anderson's Brigade made unavailing resistance, and was driven steadily back. Stahel's Brigade of Schenck's Division was obliged to give ground, and McLean's Brigade, left by Reynolds' withdrawal without support, was assailed in front and flank. Milroy, hurried over by Sigel to McLean's assistance, found a favorable position in the wash-out of a wagon road, and from the shelter of this ditch his brigade poured volley after volley into the masses of Confederates as they came rushing out of the woods. With fierce energy and splendid effect, Milroy's men reciprocated their bloody repulse of the day before.

But the enemy quickly availed himself of the commanding positions quitted by Reynolds, and from thence poured upon us an enfilading fire with his batteries. At the same time his infantry spread out over the high, wooded ground in front of McLean's Brigade, and on the flank and almost in rear of our center. Forty pieces of cannon ranged upon the Groveton heights united the momentum of their concentrated fire to the sustained rush of Longstreet's Corps. "The attack," says Longstreet's report, "was led by Hood's brigades, closely supported by Evans's. These were rapidly re-enforced by Anderson's Division from the rear, Kemper's three brigades, and D. R. Jones's Division from the right, and Wilcox's Brigade from the left. The brigades of Featherston and Pryor became detached, and operated with a portion of General Jackson's command."

Such was the assault made upon our unguarded left, and for a time it seemed as if nothing would prevent Longstreet from gaining the turnpike, and interposing between our army and Bull Run. At the turnpike itself a most disheartening scene was presented. A mass of stragglers and retreating regiments and batteries filled the roadway, and the fields on either side were clouded with wounded men and fugitives.* At the same

* From the private diary of Captain Tiedemann, of General Schurz's staff, I am permitted to copy the following:

"An apparently wounded man of Duryea's Zouaves was being carried to the rear in a blanket by four of his comrades when a shell dropped near the party, and the four men holding the blanket let go of it and fled. Some of us ran to assist the abandoned sufferer (?) when, to our astonishment, he jumped up and ran off as fast as his comrades. The Twenty-ninth New York arrested these worthies, and sent them to the front again."

time the enemy's cannon-shot began to fall among our ammunition and hospital trains, parked between Young's Branch and Bull Run, causing a stampede of camp-followers and malingerers, and a rush of wagons for the Stone Bridge.*

The moment was critical, and required the most prompt and energetic action. General Pope, says Strother, for the first time in the campaign, exhibited strong excitement. His directions, however, were ready and prudent. Reynolds' Division was quickly extricated from the wreck of battle with which it had become entangled, and brought back into position to the right of the Henry House. Leaving Reno and Heintzelman to resist Jackson on the right, Pope and McDowell hurried all the troops that could be spared from that quarter over to the strong positions south of the turnpike.

Sigel, left to himself, without orders, was prompt in doing his part to meet the crisis. From his position at Dogan's farm he had witnessed Porter's attack and repulse, and then had seen Reynolds' Division deliberately withdraw from his left, and march over behind his corps. He saw the right wing passive, and had known for hours that the enemy was massing upon our left. He was puzzled and astounded by Reynolds' withdrawal, but he lost no time in doing all he could to retrieve that mistake. On his own responsibility, he sent Milroy to support McLean, but in taking position Milroy left a vacancy of some hundreds of yards between McLean's brigade and his own. Into this vacancy the enemy penetrated, compelling McLean to relinquish, in part, his position on the hill. By Sigel's direction, Schurz sent over Koltes' Brigade to help retake the lost ground, and a few minutes later directed Krzyzanowski to move up the wooded slope and support Koltes. In the face of a terrible artillery fire, Koltes and Krzyzanowski moved to their positions, where they were at once furiously assailed, both in front and on the left flank. From the edge of the woods a Confederate battery suddenly opened an enfilading fire upon Koltes' Brigade. Colonel Koltes called to his men to "take that battery," and while he was leading the charge, and waving his sword, a shell struck and killed both him and his horse. "Krzyzanowski, while showing his men how to face the enemy, had his horse shot under him" (Schurz's Report). The ground was covered with our dead and wounded.

At an opportune moment General Tower, leading his own and Hartsuff's brigades, and Hall's and Leppien's batteries of Ricketts' Division, came up, by McDowell's orders, on the right of McLean. "Tell General

* This harmless stampede at the rear gave rise to newspaper reports that a panic—a "second Bull Run"—had taken place at the front, which was by no means the case.

Tower to stay right where he is," directed General McDowell in the hearing of the writer, and nobly did Tower endeavor to fulfill the command. The combat on the Bald Hill was renewed in the presence of the whole army, and so resolutely was the position held that its defenders were enthusiastically cheered by their comrades on other parts of the field.

But our assailants on the hill were re-enforced, and their superiority of numbers and weight of metal were overwhelming. Generals Schenck and Tower were wounded, and Colonel Fletcher Webster—son of the Massachusetts statesman—was killed. McLean's Brigade was reduced to a shadow, and Koltes' and Krzyzanowski's rapidly melted away. Hood's Division, supported by Evans's Brigade and Kemper's Division, dashed forward again and again, determined to wrest the ridge away from us, and at last they succeeded. Our forces on Bald Hill were obliged to withdraw.

By Sigel's order, Schurz drew back his brigades, under cover of the artillery, and formed a new line on the next range of hills to the rear, behind the Stone House. "They fell back slowly and in good order. Captain Dilger's Battery remained in position to check the pursuit of the enemy, whose infantry rushed upon him with great rapidity. He received them in two different positions, at short range, with a shower of grapeshot, obliged them twice to fall back, and then followed our column unmolested" (Schurz's Report).

Stahel's Brigade, and what was left of McLean's, followed this movement. Schimmelpfennig's Brigade had been held in reserve on Schurz's right, where it was exposed to an enfilading artillery fire. Under this ordeal Schimmelpfennig's men "stood like trees," says Schurz, "until the order to retire reached them." Milroy drew back his regiments without a waver in their ranks, and having replenished his ammunition, took his position on the left of the new line. It is but just to him to say that while he was a nervous and eccentric man, and his excitement in battle sometimes amounted to frenzy, he was brave even to rashness, and at no time during the fighting of this day was his brigade driven from its place; at no time did it retire except in order and by order.

It was 6 o'clock, or later, when our troops quitted Bald Hill. Meanwhile the tide of battle had rolled still farther to the left, and the struggle for the turnpike had centered upon the Henry House plateau. Thither Longstreet rapidly pushed his right brigades through the woods, and thither Pope hurried every available regiment to meet him. Fortunately, the obstinate struggle that was made by the brigades under Schenck, Schurz, and Tower, on the Bald Hill ridge, gave time for bringing over

our forces on the right and center, and putting them into position on the south side of the pike. Returning from their ill-starred movement to the rear of Sigel, the brigades of Meade and Seymour, and Ransom's Battery, of Reynolds' Division, were led into the woods in front of the Henry House, and there, with splendid firmness, checked and rolled back the impetuous current of Longstreet's advance. Buchanan's Brigade, and Chapman's, of Sykes' regulars, had not been engaged in Porter's attack, and after Butterfield's repulse, were called to meet the new emergency on the left. Buchanan's Brigade was deployed, with its right resting at the Henry House, and Chapman's was thrown forward into the woods farther to the left. In these positions Buchanan and Chapman, two veterans of the Mexican War, fought with lion-like valor, and repelled a series of desperate assaults. After three-quarters of an hour Chapman's left flank was turned, and he was obliged to fall back some hundreds of yards.

Then Reno was called. Withdrawn from the center, his division had been massed in squares in support of the left. At the signal to advance it was deployed in two lines of battle, in which formation, with its leader at its head, it advanced with the evenness of a parade through a hurricane of cannon-shot into the woods in front. Immediately a mighty roll of musketry was heard in those woods, and as time passed it resounded with continuous and increasing volume. Four or five furious attempts were made to drive Reno from his ground, but he held it to the last. All efforts to dislodge him failed.

Longstreet's movement was arrested; he had done his worst. The sun went down behind gleaming clouds, and the battle waned, and ceased with the light of day. Our army had really begun its retreat with the abandonment of Bald Hill, and General Pope now gave orders to the various corps commanders to withdraw leisurely toward Centreville. When this order reached Sigel he was discussing with Schurz the meaning of the enemy's quiescence, and the propriety of assuming the offensive. But Pope's command was peremptory, and Sigel drew back his divisions as instructed, "smoothly and with deliberation." His troops, the first to reach the field, were the last to leave it. Schurz, with Schimmelpfennig's Brigade, and Dilger's Battery acting as a rear guard,* crossed Young's Branch about 9 o'clock P.M. The troops moved off in perfect order, turning fiercely upon the enemy whenever he came too near. On the hilly ground, between Young's Branch and Bull Run, Sigel drew up his entire corps, and remained in position until all the other troops, with their trains, had passed

* "For this office [covering the rear] the Sixty-first Ohio was selected, a regiment which throughout the whole campaign had exhibited the most commendable spirit."—*Schurz's Report*.

over the Stone Bridge, which his rear regiments—Schimmelpfennig's—destroyed behind them. Between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning he resumed the march toward Centreville.

Thus ended the battle of the 30th of August. The Confederates have called it the Battle of Manassas; we have miscalled it Bull Run Number Two. In point of fact, it was a continuation of the action of the 29th, which has been appropriately named the Battle of Groveton. The fighting of the 30th took place on nearly the same ground as that of the 29th, except on the left flank, where the extension of the enemy's right compelled us to prolong our left. This movement shifted the scene of the conflict eastward to the old Bull Run field. Here our positions were obstinately held until our troops abandoned them of their own accord, and moved off, followed, but not pursued. Longstreet's infantry advanced no farther than the Henry House Hill, which we still held for hours after the fighting had ceased. All along the right our lines remained steady to the last. To call the battle "Bull Run Number Two" is therefore misleading and unjust. The name "Bull Run" has become synonymous in the popular mind with panic and rout. It implies that Pope's soldiers threw down their arms and ran away, which is the farthest possible from the truth. To the end, they stood bravely to their places repelling the assaults of superior numbers,* and when they quitted the field, they quitted it, not, to be sure, in the triumph which they had so nobly earned, yet without dishonor. They quitted it deserving as much as brave men can the nation's respect and gratitude.

The next morning (Sunday, August 31) dawned gloomily enough. The sky was black and mournful, and a chilling rain beat cruelly upon our weary and baffled army. A more dispiriting situation it would be hard to imagine than was presented that morning to those who stood drenched, begrimed, ragged, and hungry, in the muddy trenches at Centreville. The army that remained with the colors seemed scarcely so great as the army of sick, wounded, and straggling, which drifted silently, aimlessly, down the turnpike toward Washington.

From General Halleck came the following message to Pope:

"My Dear General: You have done nobly. Don't yield another inch if you can avoid it. All reserves are being sent forward. Couch's Division goes to-day; part of it went to Sangster's Station last night with Franklin and Sumner, who must now be with you.

* General Pope estimates his effective force on the field on the morning of the 30th as follows: McDowell's Corps, 12,000; Sigel's, 7,000; Reno's, 7,000; Heintzelman's, 7,000; Porter's, less the brigades of Griffin and Piatt, which had gone to Centreville, 7,000; total, 40,000.

Can't you renew the attack? I don't write more particularly, for fear the dispatch will not reach you. I am doing all in my power for you and your noble army. God bless you and it. Send me news more often, if possible."

For at least ten days we had been hourly looking for these "reserves" promised by General Halleck, and had they come promptly forward, and heartily co-operated with us, Lee's army would not have gone into Maryland—at least, not that year.

Before quitting the battle-field, General Pope (at 6.30 P.M., 30th) sent an order to Banks, at Bristoe Station, to destroy all public property there and at Manassas Junction, and withdraw to Centreville. In compliance with this, Banks fired several long railway trains loaded with government stores, and, moving *via* Brentsville, reached and crossed Bull Run on the 31st at Blackburn's Ford.

Re-enforced at Centreville by the two corps of Franklin and Sumner—20,000 men—Pope immediately made dispositions to receive another attack, but none was attempted. The enemy had other plans, and, early on the morning of September 1, an infantry reconnaissance * detected Jackson moving around to our right and rear by way of Sudley Springs and the Little River Turnpike. Jackson was followed, at some distance, by Longstreet. Admonished by the Manassas raid, Pope put his army in motion at once toward Fairfax Court-House, whither he sent Hooker, instructed to assume command of all the forces in that vicinity, and push forward to Germantown. McDowell was directed to move back to Difficult Creek, and connect by his right with Hooker. Franklin was to come in on McDowell's left and rear. Reno was to move north of the Warren-ton Turnpike, in the direction of Chantilly. Heintzelman's Corps was to take post immediately in rear of Reno, Sumner's on Heintzelman's left, and Sigel's and Porter's in conjunction with Sumner's right.

Shortly before 6 o'clock P.M., Stuart's cavalry, leading Jackson's march, encountered Reno's skirmishers near Ox Hill, a wooded ridge lying a short distance east of Chantilly. At this time, says Jackson's biographer, "the men of the Stonewall Brigade, and their comrades, were lying on the side of the road, hungry and exhausted. . . . Jackson, like many of his men, was asleep. Seated at the foot of a tree, with his chin upon his breast, his cap drawn over his eyes, and his hands crossed on his breast, as though he had fallen asleep while praying, he slept as peacefully as a child. . . . He was soon aroused; duty called him; and, mounting his horse, he took

* "We have no cavalry—not a horse that can possibly perform service—and it may be necessary, in order to obtain the information I desire, to drive off the enemy's cavalry."—*Pope to Sumner*, 5.45 A.M., Sept. 1.

the head of his column, and advanced to deliver battle on another field."

Jackson at once deployed his leading division (A. P. Hill's) and moved to the attack. Hill's right rested on the Warrenton Turnpike, and on his left Ewell's Division came in, holding the center. On Ewell's left, Jackson's Division (under Starke) took its place, with its left resting on the Little River Turnpike.

The brigades of Branch and Fields—the latter under Brockenbrough—led Hill's attack, "and as they advanced into action a violent storm roared down, and lashed the woods with a fury which drowned the noise of the guns. Torrents of rain beat upon the troops, rendering it almost impossible to keep their powder dry; and the forest, now shadowy with the approach of night, was lit up by lightning flashes of dazzling brilliance, succeeded by deafening claps of thunder." "Amid this war of the elements," continues Cooke, who is here quoted, "the two brigades [Branch's and Fields'] advanced upon the enemy, and engaged him in a close and determined struggle."

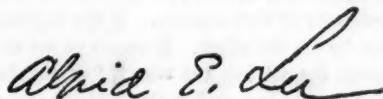
But the struggle was quite as determined on our side as on that of the Confederates, and they were staggered and thrown back by the sturdy and aggressive resistance of Reno's line. General Isaac I. Stevens, commanding Reno's left division, ordered his brigades to charge, but while leading them was struck by a bullet, and fell dead on the field. His division was heavily assailed in turn, and, disconcerted by the loss of its leader, was in the act of falling back in some disorder, when Kearny's Division came up on its left, and the battle was renewed. On the Confederate side, the brigades of Gregg, Pender, Thomas, and Hays were then thrown into the fight, and "the conflict," says Jackson, "raged with great fury," the National forces "obstinately and desperately contesting the ground." Of Kearny's Division, Birney's Brigade came first into action, and it at once became violently engaged. Seeing a vacancy between Birney's right and Stevens's left, and being asked to fill it, General Kearny rode forward to reconnoitre the ground. With his usual disdain of danger, he approached the enemy's lines, and in the waning light of that stormy evening he mistook a Confederate soldier for one of our own. He had no sooner inquired of the man as to the position of one of General Stevens's regiments than he discovered his mistake, and turned to gallop away, but too late. The Confederate fired, and Kearny dropped dead from his horse. Thus fell this brilliant, ever-faithful, knightly soldier, the most illustrious victim of this ill-starred campaign.

After waiting some time for the missing leader, General Birney assumed

command in place of the dead Kearny, and renewed the attack, but the storm and gathering darkness soon put an end to the battle. Birney then, unmolested, buried our dead and sent our wounded to the rear.* The enemy had been repulsed at every point, and some of his brigades had been badly worsted.

In the course of the night Robinson's Brigade and Berry's (under Colonel Poe) came up and relieved Birney. After that, our troops held the battle-field until 3 o'clock in the morning, when they were recalled to re-join the general movement of the army.

Longstreet came up promptly to Jackson's assistance, but he did not deem it prudent to renew the attack. Next day, by instructions from the War Department, our entire army was withdrawn for rest, re-equipment, and reorganization within the defenses of Washington. The withdrawal was accomplished without interference by the enemy, and thereupon General Pope resigned his command, which was merged at once into that of General McClellan.



* General Kearny's dead body, which was carried off by the enemy, was sent over to us next day, under flag of truce.

MINOR TOPICS

BEAUJEU AND FORT DU QUESNE

I am indebted to Mr. T. J. Chapman for his kind notice of me as the first to make known the name of the French commander who led the attack on Braddock. The notice was not as flattering as that of Rev. E. E. Hale, in *Old and New*, but recognizes the fact. I must, however, differ from him in considering that my old friend, Mr. Parkman, has conclusively shown that De Contrecoeur was still in command of the fort when Beaujeu set out.

When I obtained a copy of the register of Fort Du Quesne, and printed it in my *Cramoisy Series*, I was the first to give the name of the officer commanding the French forces. That Daniel Liénard de Beaujeu was that officer, and that he was commandant of the fort and of the army, are two facts that equally rest on the authority of that register. If the register is not evidence for one statement, it cannot be for the other. It seems to me more than utterly absurd to say that it is evidence for all but the words, "of the fort." The register is a record kept in the fort at the time, and in the custody and control of Contrecoeur when the entry was made, all which facts raise the presumption that he was one of the official witnesses of the interment, and saw the entry. That the chaplain of the fort should qualify an officer who had recently arrived, as "Commandant of Fort Du Quesne and of the Army," without some solid ground, and that in a book in the custody and under the eyes of one who, before the officer's arrival and after his death, was actually commandant, is something that I, at least, cannot believe. Nor can I believe, that Contrecoeur would have allowed the record to stand uncorrected, as it does to this day.

In fact, the register makes the statement twice, in the burial entry and in the marginal note.

The entry in the register is not unsupported. Two of the "French Relations" printed by me in the *Relations Diverses*—that by Godefroy, and that by another participant—style Beaujeu commandant.

The Ursuline nun, "Mère de la Nativité," in her *Annales*, throws light on the subject and confirms the register. This lady was related to prominent men, and well acquainted with public affairs. She states that when the Marquis Duquesne dispatched Captain de Beaujeu to relieve Contrecoeur, he ordered the latter to remain at the fort till after the operations which were confided to Beaujeu. See *Les Ursulines de Quebec*, ii., p. 276. He remained, therefore, by order, and interpreting the spirit of the order, resumed command on the death of Beaujeu; but he saw that the chaplain, in committing that officer to the earth, gave him his full title.

The entry of Friar Denys Baron has been strangely twisted and distorted. The late N. B. Craig translated "*tué*" wounded, instead of "killed." He could not understand the statement that he confessed and performed his devotions the same day, and concluded that he did it after the battle. Yet it was the most natural thing in the world for an officer of very slightly pious feelings to confess and receive communion before going into action. It is not necessary to assume that he confessed when dead, or was not so dead but that he could confess.

Since then the title of "Commandant of Fort Du Quesne," given by Father Baron then and there, in the fort itself, under the eye of De Contrecoeur, July 12, 1755, seems to trouble some people, though I cannot see why. If the evidence of a man in Baron's position is good in part, it must be good in all; if it fails in part, it must fail in all. It cannot be cited to make Beaujeu command the army, and impeached as evidence that he commanded the fort.

JOHN GILMARY SHEA

ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.

LINCOLN AND McCLELLAN

Editor of the Magazine of American History:—Here is a little historical item which, as far as it goes, ought to be known in explanation, possibly, of what has been publicly brought against General George B. McClellan as an unpardonable act of rudeness, not to say insult to President Lincoln. This act was the keeping President Lincoln waiting for a considerable time on one occasion when he called on McClellan at his headquarters. Referring to this a few days ago in conversation with General Henry J. Hunt, chief of artillery at the Battle of Gettysburg, and now governor of the Soldiers' Home, near Washington, I inquired if he thought it possible that the story could be true. Hesitating a moment, in evident belief in its falsity so far as General McClellan was concerned, and appearing never to have heard of its publicity, he answered, "Yes—with a reservation." He said that, one day, when he himself called at McClellan's headquarters, he found General Barry there in great rage on account of what he regarded as a gross insult to President Lincoln who had called to see General McClellan, and had been kept waiting in the anteroom; but whether through the fault of the Irish door-keeper, or the neglect of the general, he did not appear to know. He had, however, observed that, when Mr. Lincoln passed up stairs, the door-keeper, or orderly—whatever his appellation—gave a clownish burst of expression, as if in derision of the President!

How can the exact truth ever be known? One thing is certain; instead of going to McClellan, the President should have sent for him to come to the White House whenever he wished to see him; and this, I presume, was his usual custom.

While writing of President Lincoln, I will relate another singular incident not

generally known, I think, and which comes to me on equally undoubted authority. At the beginning of the war, oftener probably than later in the fearful struggle, sometimes, in going into battle, a soldier, who had "never smelt gunpowder," would falter, shrink away, and maybe throw down his arms, utterly unable from cowardice to proceed, thus rendering himself liable to the penalty of death. When these cases came before President Lincoln and the necessity of making an example of such culprits was pointed out to him, he invariably plead off. By way of convincing him not only of the imperative necessity of strictly enforcing the law as a restraining influence against cowardly instincts but also of its reasonableness and justice, it was urged that the soldier, seeing before him two dangers—on the one hand, sure death if he acted the coward, and on the other a reasonable chance of escape if he pressed forward in battle—he would naturally choose the lesser of the two, and thus save his honor, at least, if not his life. But it was all to no purpose—Mr. Lincoln solemnly declaring that he never could consent to sign the death-warrant of a soldier *for failing to go where his legs refused to carry him*; and he never did. He consigned to pigeon-holes, without his signature, scores, if not hundreds, of these cases, where they now lie buried at the War Department. He called them "*Leg Cases*."

HORATIO KING

WASHINGTON, November 11, 1886.

RUFUS CHOATE'S PENMANSHIP

In court Mr. Choate delighted in paying ironical compliments to the judges who blocked his way to the hearts of juries. On one occasion "he asked that a case might be postponed, owing to his engagement in another court. The judge replied that the case was one in which he might write out his arguments. With much solemnity he replied, 'I write well your honor, but *slowly*.' As his handwriting resembled the tracks of wild cats, with their claws dipped in ink, madly dashing over the surface of a folio sheet of white paper, the assembled Bar could not restrain their laughter. Indeed, it is affirmed that he could not decipher his own handwriting after a case was concluded, and had to call in experts to explain it to himself. He congratulated himself on the fact that if he failed to get a living at the Bar, he could still go to China, and support himself by his pen; that is by decorating tea chests."—*Whipple's Recollections of Eminent Men*.

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

AN ORIGINAL LETTER FROM MR. MCCOMB TO PRESIDENT VANDIKE

[Vandike was Governor of Delaware before the adoption of the Constitution, a delegate to Continental Congress from 1777 to 1782, and a signer of Articles of Confederation. McComb was the first Governor of Delaware after the adoption of the Constitution, and also a member of Congress.—EDITOR.]

From the Stockton Archives

Annapolis. 18th december, 1783.

Sir.

I wrote your Excellency, in great haste, a Letter by last Post, requesting the favor of you to hurry Col Bedford down. I now, at more leisure, take the liberty of troubling you again. There has been very little business done in Congress since they met here. The time has been chiefly spent in reading dispatches, memorials etc. There have been many Letters received from our Ministers abroad, particularly Mr Adams, who appears to be a man of great industry, and desirous of promoting the welfare of his country. He mentions a conversation which he had with the Prince Stadtholder, who finds fault with Congress for not sending *Ambassadors* rather than *Ministers* to the Courts of Europe, and thinks we ought to assert our right, lest hereafter it may be disputed. He also communicates the substance of a conversation between him and the Sardinian Minister, who is of opinion that it would be respectful, and have a good effect, if Congress were to send Circular Letters to all the Powers of Europe, informing them of our independence. That such Letters would have favorable answers. Mr Adams is of opinion that a connexion with Germany would have a tendency to make us appear more respectable in the eyes of the other powers; but above all recommends that our Citizens should be inspired with proper ideas of their own importance and independence. He informs us that a Treaty between the Emperor of Germany and the Empress of Russia, offensive against the Porte, and defensive against all Christian Powers, had been concluded. That this embarrasses the French ministry, as it was a very serious question whether or not they should involve themselves in a war with two Christian Powers in behalf of the Turks. The Emperor and Empress sent a courier to inform the King of Prussia of their Treaty. His answer was, that he received the information with that sensibility which matters of such high importance merited.

Dr Franklin mentions that Mr Montgomery, of Alicant, had entered into a negotiation with the Emperor of Morocco. That the Emperor was inclined to treat with us, and that a Person was then in Spain on his way to Paris for that purpose.

That in the mean time the Emperor had given orders to his Cruizers not to molest our ships on the open sea. That Portugal, as well as the other Powers, hesitated about Treating, and assigns as a reason the unsettled state of our Government, of which the removal of Congress from Philadelphia afforded an instance. The Pope's Nuncio had sent him a note, of which he enclosed a copy, mentioning Civitta Vecchia, and another Port where we might carry on a beneficial Trade; and requesting leave of Congress for his Holiness the Pope to send over an Ecclesiastical officer by the name of a Bishop or Prefect, tho' the former would be preferred, in order that the People of the Catholic Faith, residing here, might have the benefit of Orders and Confirmation without going to a foreign State. That formerly they depended on such an officer residing in London; but the separation of the two Countries seemed to make a new arrangement necessary. He also enclosed a copy of a Letter which he received from the Grand Master of the order of St John of Jerusalem (to whom he had sent one of his medals) expressing great affection for the United States of America, and the pleasure it would give him to see the ships of this Country at the island of Malta. Mr Laurens, at London, forwarded Brigden's and Walter's second proposition for furnishing the United States with Copper Coin at 147 $\frac{3}{4}$ ¢ lb. Mr Dana, at Petersburg, communicated an account of the Treaty of Germany and Russia, and mentioned his opinion that France & Prussia were interested in preventing the aggrandizement of the House of Austria—acknowledged the Receipt of his Letters of recall, and were of opinion that an advantageous Treaty with Russia might now be made. He sent a List of the Empress's Army, and a List of dutiable Merchandize imported into and exported from the Empire. Mr Dumas, charge de affairs at the Hague, is of opinion that the British Ministry are endeavouring to detach the Dutch from the French Interest.

I am with great esteem and

Regard, sir,

your Excellency's most obt
and very hble serv^t

E McComb.

His Excellency

President Vandike. Delaware.

NOTES

WASHINGTON TOASTS KING GEORGE—When Lord Cornwallis dined with General Washington for the first time, Rochambeau, being asked for a toast, gave *The United States*. Washington gave *The King of France*. Lord Cornwallis, simply, *The King*; but Washington, putting that toast, added, *of England*, and facetiously, *confine him there, I'll drink him a full bumper*, filling his glass till it ran over. Rochambeau, with great politeness, was still so French, that he would every now and then be touching on points that were improper, and a breach of real politeness. Washington often checked him, and showed in a more satiric manner, the infinite esteem he had for his gallant prisoner, whose private qualities the Americans admired even in a foe, that had so often filled them with the most cruel alarms.—*The Universal Magazine, London, February, 1782.*

PETERSFIELD

ALASKA VEGETATION—Mr. Charles Hallock, in his admirable work just published, entitled *Our New Alaska*, gives some statistics of interest. He says: "As a matter of fact, the whole coast region is so like a vapor-bath or hot-house, that vegetation grows too exuberantly. There is no room for it, and indigenous plants crowd the economic products. If you fence a garden, or a grave-plot, the fence disappears from view the second year among the overgrowth. The same vegetable phenomena pertain to the interior, but there the summer temperature is inordinately higher, the skies are cloudless, and the supply of moisture

derived from the reeking sub-soils and underlying strata of ice, abundantly sufficient. Wild hops, wild onions, and wild berries grow in profusion. Crab-apples, gooseberries, currants, black and red whortleberries, raspberries, cranberries, strawberries, red and white salmon berries (like raspberries, only four times the size), chicker berries, pigeon berries, and angelica, furnish the native fruit supply. At berries we have to draw the line between Alaska and Southern British Columbia, which can supply the Dominion with choicest apples, pears, plums, peaches, grapes, cherries, etc. One curious feature of Alaska vegetation is, that nearly every flower is succeeded by a berry. In the same latitude of Labrador, on the Atlantic side, the only solitary fruit is a little yellow berry, locally known as "baked apple," which grows among the grass and lichens; and spruce sticks, no more than eight inches in diameter, illustrate the best forest growth. Why don't the Canadian Government remove its two thousand pinched and starving population from Labrador to British Columbia, at the public expense? They would earn their transportation in a year.

CAPTURE OF STONY-POINT—In the rare old *Boston Almanack* from which the following picture has been copied, we find these impressive lines:

"To please some people is a task,
Which doth much time and labour ask;
And to please all one may as soon,
Go fit a coat unto the Moon."

VIEW of the British Fortress at Stony-Point, stormed and carried by a party of the Light Corps of the American Army, under the command of Gen. WAYNE, on the Morning of the 16th of July last.



- A** The British fortress.
B Abatis in front.
C The Reserve.
D The detached Party who stormed the Works.

First view of the Capture of Stony-Point; or, as stated in the quaint description of the Picture, "An Elegant Representation of the Storming of the British Fortress at Stony-Point on Hudson's River, the 16th of July, 1779.

[From Bickerstaff's Boston Almanack for 1780.]

QUERIES

ORIGINAL PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS —The following advertisement appeared in the newspapers printed at New York City, September 2, 1823: "AMERICAN ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS—The original Portrait of Columbus, lately obtained in Spain, for the government of the United States, is this day, by permission, placed in the gallery for exhibition, and for a very limited time, prior to its being sent to Washington city. As this is the only opportunity the citizens of New-York can have, of witnessing an original portrait of so distinguished a character as the discoverer of our country, it is hoped the public will avail themselves of it. By order,

A. ROBERTSON, Secr'y."

Information is solicited as to the history of this interesting picture, and its present location.

W. K.

BERESFORD —On Thursday, June 3, 1784, the Oxford post coach made a very memorable "call" at Bolt forest, London, to take up Doctor Samuel Johnson. The other passengers were James Boswell and "two very agreeable ladies from America. They were going to Worcestershire, where they then resided." Doctor Johnson talked so well on the journey, that Miss Beresford and her mother, who were the ladies, said very cleverly and graphically, "Every sentence is an essay." But, under the counsel of Boswell, Mrs. Beresford did not tell the Doctor that her husband *had been a member of the American Congress*. Boswell feared the only too probable growl of Ursa Major.

Now, I want to ask through your pages, which reach so many men of culture, as to any information they may be able to give us about Mr. Beresford. What Congressional district did he represent, and about the time of his service, and do the family yet live in our country?

It was a memorable journey. He was received at Oxford by Doctor Adams, Master of Pembroke College.

It would be interesting to know whether any traditions of that interview, so long extended, are preserved by the Beresford family. In these days "our own correspondent" would have been on the box or in the boot of the coach, and before Doctor Johnson was through his dinner at Pembroke, the conversation of the road would have been flashed to London.

SENTINEL

DELAWARE BOUNDARY —What incident in American history fixed the northern boundary of Delaware in a circular form? What is the exact date for the establishment of the Mason and Dixon line? How far west did it extend?

E. A. CANTLEY

LOGANSFORD, Ind.

SINTVYCK — *Editor Magazine of American History*: In preparing a volume on the service of New York during the War of the Revolution, I found a bill of Lewis Van Voort, for transporting flour for the use of the Continentals, from Sintvyck to Saratoga, thirty-two miles. Where was Sintvyck? Another account speaks of erecting salt

and sulphur works at Andrews Town. Was that the village now known by the name of Andrusville, or Burke Hollow, Franklin County, or where was it? You or one of your readers may be able to

answer these questions, on which neither *Lippincott* nor the *New York Gazetteer* has any information.

FERNOW

ALBANY, November 1, 1886.

REPLIES

NEW YORK POLL LISTS [xvi. 298]—The late Stephen Whitney Phoenix reprinted in 1880 Poll Lists for the election of Representatives for the City and County of New York, for the years 1761, 1768, and 1769. The two former from original manuscripts, and the latter from a printed copy. The edition was limited to fifty copies for private distribution. The originals are with the Phoenix Library, presented to Columbia College. The manuscripts ought to be restored to the official archives, where they properly belong. I think a careful search of the city records would bring others to light. PETERSFIELD

FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS [xvi. 109]—*Editor Magazine of American History*: In the last part of an article, your correspondent, "W. H." speaks of Garrett Noel's house, in Elizabeth, New Jersey, as "once the abode of Colonel Elias Boudinot, the first President of the Continental Congress." Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, was the first President of the Continental Congress, chosen in 1774. Elias Boudinot was not chosen President of the Congress until 1782, and was the ninth person who held that responsible office.

R. W. JUDSON

OGDENSBURG, N. Y.,
November 8, 1886.

ALGEBRA [xvi. 499]—In Spanish the word is used for the branch of higher mathematics, and the art of replacing dislocated members. An *Algebrista* is one who understands and practices the art of setting dislocated limbs.

MINTO

ALGEBRA [xvi. 499]—Prof. Bernard Bigsby, an English philologist, is authority for the following derivation of the word algebra: It comes from *al*, the Arabic article *the*, and a root *gebr*, which means the scales or balances. The science was evidently so named because its principles and formulæ are as exact and unerring as the balances, which stand as the emblem of justice the world over. C. A. HARGRAVE

CENTRAL NORMAL COLLEGE,
DANVILLE, INDIANA.

ALGEBRA [xvi. 499]—In *Forgotten Meanings*, by Alfred Waites, we find the following: "This word (Algebra) we owe to the Arabs, who named the science *él djaber*, *el-mogabelah*; the science of restorations or of re-establishments, of proportions and of solutions, by means of the rule by which they transfer or re-establish a quantity which was negative and which becomes positive, being transported or re-established in the other member of the equation. Thus it is that in the Middle Ages

in surgery, *Algebra* was understood as meaning the art of restoring or of re-establishing members which were dislocated or fractured; and to this day, in Spanish and in Portuguese, *algebrista* signifies a surgeon or bone-setter."

CAUCUS [xvi. 499]—This word, according to a number of authorities, is a supposed corruption of *Calkers*. Gordon, in his *History of the American Revolution*, shows that it was used as far back as 1724, when Mr. Samuel Adams's father and about twenty others met "in caucus" at a place where "all the ship business is carried on." It is supposed that such meetings were first called "Calkers'-house meetings," shortened to calk-house, then caucus. Dr. Trumbull, of Hartford, Connecticut, says: "Its origin is the Indian *cau-cau-as-u*," which means "one who advises, urges, encourages," etc.

W. H.

CAUCUS [xvi. 499]—Webster gives the accepted derivation of the word caucus, viz.: Private meetings by Boston citizens just at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War on behalf of some of the Calkers of the town, killed by the British soldiers, the name being corrupted or changed to caucus meetings. But Ogilvie, in his *Imperial Dictionary*, adds: "Another, and perhaps more plausible derivation, however, is from

an Algonkin root meaning to speak, encourage, instigate, whence *kaw-kaw-wus*, a councillor, a caucusser.

W. K.

GERMANTOWN.

CAUCUS [xvi. 499]—In reply to Mr. Thatcher's inquiry in your November number concerning the origin of the word *caucus*.

Bartlett's *Dictionary of Americanisms*, Wells's *Life of Samuel Adams*, Vol. I., p. 3, and McMasters, Vol. I., p. 178, all quote from Gordon's *History* (1774): "The word is not of novel invention, more than fifty years ago Mr. Samuel Adams's father and twenty others, one or two from the north end of the town, where all ship business is carried on, used to meet, make a *caucus*, and lay their plan for introducing certain persons into places of trust and power."

Mr. Pickering's (Timothy, I suppose) comment on this passage of Gordon (quoted by Bartlett) is: "It would seem that these meetings were in some manner under the direction of men concerned in the ship business; and I had, therefore, thought it not improbable that *caucus* might be a corruption of *caulkers*, the word 'meetings' being understood. I was afterward informed that several gentlemen of Salem and Boston believed this to be the origin of the word."

O. W. SHAW

AUSTIN, MINNESOTA.

BOOK NOTICES

PERSIA AND THE PERSIANS. By S. G. W. BENJAMIN: Illustrated. Quarto, pp. 507. Boston, 1887. Ticknor & Company.

This exceptionally handsome volume, printed in large type on heavy paper, and richly illustrated, is crowded with important information respecting the people of Persia and their government. The author, as first minister of the United States to that country—so ancient as to have developed a distinct civilization and a genius for political organization before the star of Rome had begun to cast its rays above the horizon of history—had the best of opportunities for becoming familiar with its present condition. He says: "Persia is still a living power, with a continuous vitality that may preserve her national integrity for ages to come;" that in spite of herself, in spite of opposing circumstances, she is no longer isolated and unknown, but becoming the theatre of events destined to grow in magnitude and weight. The description of the city of Teherân, situated on the great central plateau of Persia, is one of the most interesting features of the volume. This chapter includes graphic pictures of the Shah's grand audience hall, with its famous Peacock Throne covered with gold and precious stones to the value of thirteen millions of dollars, its globe of the world turning on a frame of solid gold, its superb crowns and jeweled coats-of-mail dating back four centuries, and its heaps of pearls dense as the sand on the sea-shore; and of the other palaces and the principal apartments and treasures of the king. The chapter on the "Conditions of Service in Persia" is also one of special note. Mr. Benjamin says nothing can exceed the cunning and dishonesty of the Persian household servants. "To live comfortably one must exercise a continual watch over them, and although they are good-natured, and bear reproof meekly, they are much given to quarreling with each other. "Mountaineering in Persia" presents many picturesque scenes to the reader, and "A Glance at the Arts of Persia" is a portion of the work containing material of the first importance. The religion, politics, laws, resources, products, and trade of Persia are all brought under critical review. The work is written with much skill and spirit, and in excellent taste, and is delightfully readable from cover to cover. It is fresh, timely, and of real and permanent value.

Mr. Benjamin tells us, that "notwithstanding all that has been written about Persia, the ignorance that still exists about her is yet so general that there is absolutely no correct map of the entire country, and, until lately, it was

asserted, even in scientific circles, that no fossils were to be found in her geology. The fact is, that numerous evidences of extinct animal life are now traced in the strata of the Persian mountains. A curious example of popular ignorance on the subject was afforded me by an English geologist, who, alluding to a scientific lecture on Persia, recently heard by him, asked me if there were any coal formations in that country. A very fine quality of bituminous coal actually abounds there; at Teherân it is used for fuel and steam machinery. In the southwestern part of Persia, near her best ports, the coal mines are apparently inexhaustible, and might easily be made a very important branch of exportation. Lead and iron mines are also found near the coal seams. This is an important fact for the consideration of foreign capitalists, for, if ever railways are to be made profitable in Persia, it must be, probably, by constructing the rails and rolling-stock on the spot."

NEW HISTORICAL ATLAS AND GENERAL HISTORY. By ROBERT H. LABBERTON. Square octavo, pp. 213. 1886. New York: Townsend MacCoun.

This Atlas is essentially new, the plates of Professor Labberton's former work having been destroyed by fire. It contains one hundred and ninety-four progressive maps, beginning with the "Chaldean Ascendancy, 3800 B.C.," and closing with the map of the war centre in the United States, 1861-1865 A.D. These maps are printed in color, and all have been made expressly for this volume. As in his former work, the author has written a concise and connected historical narrative, free from all confusing detail, to accompany the maps, furnishing with the table of contents the bibliography of important periods and subjects. Thus the student may look here for information on many other points in the history of the world as well as for its geographical progress. Over each map is placed the exact date it represents—a feature deserving of special commendation. We have the map of "Europe in 1763," and then "Europe in 1795," showing in imperishable lines the changes that took place within those thirty-two eventful years. A map follows presenting "Europe in 1810," and another of "Europe in 1816."

The various English grants in America, from 1625 to 1649, form, however, one of the most interesting map-illustrations in the volume—unless we except "the Territory of the Thirteen Original States in 1783," with Massachusetts, Connecticut and Virginia, bordering on the Mississippi River. The part of the work re-

lating to the United States has been revised since the former issue of the Atlas, and both the maps and the text greatly improved. Professor Labberton's scholarly interpretation of ancient and European history is of the first consequence to both teacher and pupil, and although his studies in American history do not reveal the same breadth of research, the Atlas should command a very extensive sale. The volume seems to have been materially enlarged in the new issue, in length, breadth, and thickness, and to have fairly earned its title of a "New Atlas." A table of twenty-nine genealogies, occupying twenty pages, has been added to the work, giving the families of all the great sovereigns of the various countries of the world—among others the complete genealogy of the rulers of France from 987 until 1870, and of the House of Bourbon, in all its branches, from 1200 to 1886. The work is also well indexed. The publisher has issued the New Atlas in admirable style; it is printed in large, clear type, on fine paper, and the coloring of the maps it would be difficult to excel.

THE THREE SYSTEMS OF LIFE INSURANCE. By MERVIN TABOR. 8vo, pp. 236. Chicago: Bureau of Life Insurance Information.

In this age, when rival insurance agents and rival companies are putting forward their plans for securing the patronage of the public—when the average intellect finds itself incompetent to grapple with the relative merits of different systems—it is refreshing to encounter a title-page that promises to set forth, on official authority, a statement of the leading plans of insurance. The author of the present volume is actuary of the insurance department of Illinois, and presumably competent to treat of the subject in hand. He divides it into: I. The Level Premium System. II. The Natural Premium System. III. The Assessment System. Under these general heads are treated the different varieties, of "tontine," "endowment," and the rest that have become familiar to the public in name, through lavish advertisements in all the leading publications of the day. Into the different merits of those systems it is not our province to enter, but we take pleasure in referring to Mr. Tabor's book as likely to afford all desired information.

MEMOIRS AND LETTERS OF DOLLY MADISON, wife of James Madison, President of the United States. Edited by HER GRAND-NIECE. 16mo, pp. 210. Boston, 1886, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This attractive little volume brings us into close relations with a picturesque figure in

American history. We have all known Mrs. Madison, or think we have, but we find that we become better acquainted with her than ever before, as we turn these charming pages and peruse her private letters, note what she thought and said from day to day, and how she was dressed on different occasions. The story of Mrs. Madison's life is a welcome contribution to our biographical and historical literature. It is a delightful, personal narrative, and it is presented to the reader with excellent judgment and careful discrimination in all its details.

GENIUS IN SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

By MATURIN M. BALLOU. 16mo, pp. 309.

Boston: Ticknor & Co., 1886.

Mr. Ballou has the knack of making popular books with taking titles, or rather, perhaps, of inventing taking titles and making popular books to fit them. His "Edge Tools of Speech," his "Due West," "Due South," and the rest have all possessed this characteristic in a greater or less degree. He has, indeed, the journalistic instinct in a highly developed state. His forty years' experience in connection with the Boston press has not been in vain. The book, Mr. Ballou tells us, is the result of a gradual accumulation of notes concerning men and women to whom the world has ascribed the gift of genius. It is by no means a labored essay, but recounts in a desultory way something about everybody, from John Adams, who heads the alphabetical index, to Zoroaster, whose name is the last on the roll. This index renders the volume available for reference, for we can scarcely believe that either author or publisher seriously expects any one to read it through consecutively.

CHRONICLE OF THE COACH. Charing

Cross to Ilfracombe. By JOHN DENISON CHAMPLIN, JR. Illustrated by Edward L. Chichester. 16mo, pp. 298. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1886.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie's coaching tours are well known to the devotees of that somewhat costly and luxurious recreation. About one of them he has himself written a very readable account, and Mr. Champlin now performs a like service for another. The fact that the coach in the present instance was Mr. Carnegie's does not appear in the book itself, and would only be suspected by those who may chance to notice the dedication. The narrative is agreeably written, and presents rural England in a most captivating light. Its pages are by no means devoid of historical suggestions, the most important of which is found perhaps in the chapter on Exeter, where the chronicler chanced to meet a gentleman from Edinburgh who told a curious story to the effect that in August, 1830, some work-

men who were making repairs in the room in Edinburgh Castle, where James I. of England was born, discovered a little coffin containing the remains of an infant in a carefully concealed niche. An examination was made by the authorities, but the whole matter was kept as quiet as possible. Additional evidence has since been discovered, and although the matter has been carefully kept from publicity, there are good reasons for believing that the child of Mary and Darnley died soon after birth, and that another was substituted, who became James VI. of Scotland and James I. of England. Visitors to Edinburgh Castle may to some extent verify the story for themselves, for the secret niche above the entrance door of this apartment is still there, though concealed by the stone removed by the workmen and afterward replaced. The attendants are instructed to say nothing of this affair, but judicious questioning may elicit the fact that they all know about it. The question has often been asked, "How could the child of Mary Stuart and Henry Darnley be such a character as James?" Perhaps this story in the "Chronicle of the Coach" may suggest an answer.

THE VOLCANO UNDER THE CITY. By a VOLUNTEER SPECIAL. 16mo, pp. 350. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

To those of us who were comparatively young men and women twenty-five years ago the recollection of the draft-riots in New York is as vivid as if they had occurred but yesterday. To the younger generation of to-day the events of that exciting period seem as remote almost as the revolutionary war. Indeed it is not uncommon among school children to find an utter confusion of ideas regarding the civil war and its predecessors, the war with Mexico, and the two wars with Great Britain. Of the reign of terror in the city of New York in 1863, they know absolutely nothing. No more appropriate time could have been chosen to bring out a volume of this character. We have just passed through a presidential contest which at one time threatened to culminate in riot, and more recently through a city and State election which is not without its significance. The elements that for a few days in 1863 held the metropolis at their mercy still exist in greatly increased strength, not only in New York, but in every large city. In 1863 there was a vast army from which a few regiments or divisions could readily be spared. Now there is no such force available. It is true that the National Guard and the police are probably more efficient now than they were then, but the dangerous element is vastly larger and more capable of acting in concert. It is singular that this exceptional chapter in the history of American cities should not before have commanded the services of some able historian, but the "Volun-

teer Special" has the field to himself. He was one of those citizens who volunteered to aid the overtaxed authorities in restoring order and putting a stop to pillage and riot that for a time raged unchecked in the city. He has carefully compared the accounts of the contemporary press, and has had access to the voluminous police records of the time. His personal observation, though of course limited from the necessities of the case, aided him in a clear comprehension of the general circumstances. The author has devoted to the work long and patient research, and the record must startle the most prosaic reader into some appreciation of the perils that then environed every New York household. Let the habitual novel-reader turn away for once from the allurements of fiction, and read a story that is fully as thrilling, and that may be re-enacted with all its frightful details if we do not mend our indifferent and luxury-loving ways.

TRISTRAM DODGE and his Descendants in America. With historical and descriptive accounts of Block Island, and Cow Neck, Long Island; their original settlements. By ROBERT DODGE. 12mo, pp. 233. 1886. Published by the author. Press of J. J. Little & Co., New York.

There was never a time in the history of our country when genealogical works were received with such marked favor as now. The history of families is recognized as a feature of general history, which can no longer be ignored. But beyond this the pursuit of information among the families themselves has been quickened. One can hardly afford to live in this age of the world without some knowledge of his own ancestry. The Dodge family will ever owe a debt of gratitude to the author of this volume for his conscientious and painstaking research among the old records, deeds and wills of former centuries, through which he has brought into the strong light so much material of value. His work has been well and faithfully done, and will prove a precious heritage to every man and woman of the name of Dodge. The first edition is nearly exhausted, and the author proposes a second edition, in which any needed corrections can be made. We bespeak for him the hearty co-operation of all his kindred, who have, in this fitting memorial of their race in America, occasion for just and honorable pride.

RALEIGH By EDMUND GOSSE, M.A., Clark lecturer in English literature at Trinity College, Cambridge. 16mo, pp. 248. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The author of this life of the brilliant Elizabethan courtier and navigator, has the advantage and the disadvantage of numerous pre-

decessors in the same field. From the early biographies almost till the present day, lives of Sir Walter Raleigh have at intervals been published, and the two last appeared almost simultaneously. Each contained new and valuable material unknown to the other. And Mr. Gosse has the good fortune to be the first to take advantage of the work of Mr. Edward Edwards, and Mr. James Augustus St. John, both of whom are now dead. He gives all credit to those students of Raleigh's life who have gone before him, but with perfect justice reminds his readers that no previous biographer has had sources of information at all comparable to his own. Sir Walter Raleigh had more to do personally with America, than almost any of the famous men of the time. Many a name appeared conspicuously in the colonial records, whose owner never set foot on his American possessions. His adventures as an explorer, and his conquests as a gallant gentleman and courtier, alike clothe the story of his life with an intrinsic interest. Mr. Gosse has apparently spared no pains in comparing authorities, and even in unearthing new facts. The account of Raleigh's trial at Winchester for plotting treason against King James, is full of dramatic interest, and the brutality with which he was treated is brought out in the strongest light. The memory of Sir Edward Coke, the attorney-general in this trial, is not treated with any great respect in the narrative. Raleigh's protracted imprisonment at the instance of King James, his accomplishments, his weaknesses, and his final execution, are all minutely, and yet not too elaborately, described. Mr. Gosse holds a skillful pen, and is master of a graceful style. His book is one of the best that has yet appeared in that excellent series, bearing the general title, "English Worthies."

REPORT ON EDUCATION IN ALASKA.

With maps and illustrations. By **SHELDON JACKSON**, 8vo, pamphlet, pp. 88. Washington, 1886. Government Printing House.

The establishment in Alaska of the public-school system of the States is an undertaking which invests this report from the general agent of education in that country with peculiar interest. The school work must be accomplished under the greatest difficulties, as it will require tens of thousands of miles of travel, where there are no roads whatever, and no means of transportation among the islands beyond the log canoes and skin bidarkas of the natives, except a monthly steamer in the southeastern corner of the vast area. Mr. Jackson furnishes statistics in a concise form, of the extent of the country, its physical characteristics, climate and people, accompanied with numerous graphic and pertinent illustrations.

OUR ARCTIC PROVINCE. Alaska and the Seal Islands. By **HENRY W. ELLIOTT**. Illustrated by many drawings from nature and maps. 8vo, pp. 473. New York, 1886. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The writer of this volume has very cleverly portrayed the discovery, occupation, life and country of Alaska, beginning with the legend of Behring's voyage, and closing with a vivid picture of the monotonous desolation of that Arctic country at the present time. He says: "No legend of the sea, however fanciful or horrid, surpasses the simple truth of the terror and privation which went hand in hand with Behring and his crew." Of the general contour of Alaska he informs us that it is correctly rendered on any and all charts published to-day, "but it is usually drawn to a very much reduced scale and tucked away into a corner of a large conventional map of the United States and Territories, so that it fails in this manner to give an adequate idea of its real proportion, and does not commonly impress the eye and mind as it ought, at first sight." In the interests of natural science, however, "hundreds of energetic, quick-witted Americans have been giving Alaska a very keen examination during the last eighteen years, so that the public do not really lack for information." Mr. Elliott describes in picturesque detail the Sitkans, with their mode of living, shrewdness and avarice; the frigid, gloomy grandeur of the scenery in Prince William's Sound and elsewhere; the great island of Kodiak, which was the site of the first grand depot of the old Russian company; and the wonderful Seal Islands. The habits of the inhabitants of these islands form some of the most interesting pages of the work. Salt meat is their staple food, and they are passionately fond of butter. "No epicure at home or butter taster in Goshen knows or appreciates that article better than these people do." The work is profusely illustrated, and issued in handsome style by the publishers. In breadth of treatment and in skillful presentation of historic and other facts concerning this vast country and its people, the book has no superior, and will be widely welcomed by all intelligent readers.

OUR NEW ALASKA; or, the Seward Purchase Vindicated. By **CHARLES HALLOCK**. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 209. New York, 1886. Forest & Stream Publishing Co.

Mr. Hallock has written of Alaska with the specific purpose of pointing out its visible resources, and to assist their development. He is a practiced writer and a practical thinker, and returns from the tour of southeastern Alaska im-

bued with the firm conviction that important industries are at once available there for immediate profit. He would have the members of our national Congress see the advantage, as well as the duty, of providing proper protection for the people of Alaska, and grant them representation through a chosen delegate. His hopes for the future of this far-off territory are highly colored, and it is refreshing to meet with an author of such marked ability and sound foresight, who can, through his own personal observation produce and illumine a work with so bright an outlook. "The time is close at hand," he says, "when Alaska's mighty forests will yield their treasures, her mines will open out their richness, her seas will give of their abundance, and all her quiet coves will be converted into busy harbors. Already the vibrations of the pending boom begin to agitate the air. Letters of inquiry from intending settlers come from every section. Official departments are getting down to systematic work. New industries have been established within the present year. Capital will no longer be withheld grudgingly from enterprises waiting to be developed." Mr. Hallock shows how greatly Alaska has been misjudged, and its scope and fitness for agriculture and stock raising misunderstood. The wheat region alone might feed the world. He does not think it worth while to push inland until the opportunities are utilized for development on the coast. "Population," he says, "will penetrate into the interior as soon as economic industries are fairly introduced along the seaboard." Mr. Hallock's book is one destined to perform an important and much needed service to our country, and deserves the most careful study. It should go hand in hand with Mr. Elliott's work, as each supplements the other in many important particulars.

THE HOME LOTS OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF THE PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS. With Notes and Plats. By CHARLES WYMAN HOPKINS. Square Folio, pp. 78. Pamphlet. 1886. Providence, Rhode Island.

This elegant brochure has been issued in anticipation of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Providence. Heretofore, only vague information has prevailed concerning the original fifty-two home lots of the early settlers, not more than fifteen having been definitely located, and the author has, with much painstaking research, performed a valuable public service in the production of this work. Several pertinent illustrations add materially to

its interest, and a good index is provided. It is printed on rich paper, with broad margins, and bound in excellent taste.

DORA. By ALFRED TENNYSON. Illustrations by W. L. TAYLOR. Drawn and engraved under the supervision of GEORGE T. ANDREW. Square 12mo, pp. 31. 1887. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The fresh charm of this little work is in the artistic beauty of its illustrations. *Dora* is one of the shortest and sweetest of the ballads of Alfred Tennyson. It is the story of an English farmer who desired the marriage of his niece, Dora, to his son, William. William disobeyed the parental command, angrily leaving his father's home sought work on the farm of a neighbor. Soon he married a laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison, who proved to be a very devoted, excellent wife. Shortly after the birth of a son, William died. With his last breath he spoke words of love to his wife, and sent a blessing to his father. The old man, who had been cold and cruel to William and Dora and Mary, found his heart softened and warmed by the prattle and smiles of the babe, became reconciled to the living whom he had spurned, and tenderly cherished the memory of the dead whom he had disinherited. This song of the unconscious triumph of babyhood, in its present dress, will make a most acceptable gift-book for the Christmas season.

THE SPANISH ARMADA. THE NAMES of those persons who subscribed toward the defense of this country at the time of the SPANISH ARMADA, 1588, and the amounts each contributed. With historical introduction by T. C. NOBLE. An Index. 16mo, pp. 92. London, 1886. Alfred Russell Smith, 36 Soho Square.

In the short but very instructive essay with which this work opens, Mr. Noble writes: "The most noteworthy incident, the most momentous event in the annals of a country, was the invasion of England by the Spanish Fleet in the year of our Lord 1588." He then proceeds to tell the story of the affair in a clear and concise manner, showing at the same time where the documents have been found and gathered for a complete collection of notes on the subject. The printed list of names is sustained by abundant proofs of its authority in every detail, and is consequently of the greatest value to genealogists and country historians. The index is also of great value.

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